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THE CHRISTIAN PHILOSOPHY OF LIFE

THE
RISTIAN PHILOSOPHY
OF LIFE

Sermons preached in the
Dartmouth College Church

BY

SAMUEL PENNIMAN LEEDS

Pastor, 1860–1900

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This volume
is inscribed by the Author
with deep respect and warm regard
to
ESIDENT WILLIAM JEWETT TUCKER
Most truly a man of vision in
heavenly things and earthly
and
PROFESSOR CHARLES A. YOUNG
Eager student of the skies
As representatives of their Alma Mater

PREFACE

Were I to select from among the younger alf of Dartmouth's graduates any to be pecially mentioned here, there is one I nould name. He grew up in my home, nd he passed all his college years with me. eculiar ties of other kinds, also, bind us ery closely together. Besides, it is at his nstance that this volume has been pre- ared. I was reluctant, for I felt that my ermons when preached had done their ork, and I was getting ready to destroy nem. But he urged the thought of possi- le usefulness ; I might be doing some- ning in the kingdom still. I listened, and ielded.

For the sake of some, I should say that, ntil very lately, college and village have orshiped together in Hanover from the

very beginning. Until recently all students were required to be in church every Sunday, so that a chief part of my work in the pulpit was to hold their attention, and to benefit them so far as I might. My auditors were of very different ages, and often so among the students themselves.

Although these sermons express the convictions of a long life, — convictions for which that life has stood, — they are not intended to be examples of my preaching. At least forty Sundays a year for a generation, and twice a Sunday for much the greater part of that time — twenty-five hundred and more written or unwritten sermons cannot be represented by twenty. My range of topics has been large, perhaps unusually so. I could select only a few discourses on some of them. I have chosen, too, only such as have been preached in term-time of the college, with possibly a single exception. There is scarcely one of them that has not been given to several

llege classes; on an average, each has
en delivered three times, and therefore
ard by at least ten classes.

Besides other limitations, I have adopted
specific subject for this volume, "The
ristian Philosophy of Life." Hence I
ve left out many sermons on themes in
ich I take a deep interest, an interest
en deeper than in some treated here.
ne topics of this book, then, are very
gely ethical. Yet I have aimed always to
ep within sight of Olivet, and from that
lvary itself is not far away. If it is asked
ether all fall definitely within my sub-
ct, I avow that I can conceive of no real
ilosophy of life which does not distinctly
cognize "Easter" with its implications
d glorious hopes. Still more obviously,
rhaps, must "Reconciliation," "Modern
hought," and "Christian Agnosticism"
considered, for the claims of the intel-
ct must be fully allowed, nay, honored,
r it is un-reason which the Gospel decries

when it summons to faith. In preaching to the same young people for successive years, I felt called, without technical discussion, to lead them to discriminate justly, and so to perceive the solemn and practical claims of duty. I hold, too, that in a college pulpit, if not elsewhere, one third of the preacher's power for good depends on what he does *not* say. Among other things, half truths and assertions that need to be "discounted" are best omitted, like flippancy and levity. Exact thinking and lucid thinking are to be his earnest aim. He is to speak what he is sure of, and nothing else or more.

A word on the sermons selected may be desirable. The first might fitly be called a prologue. The second plainly applies to young men of all classes. The last matches the first in a way, as the next to the last does the second. The third is intended for those especially of ambitious aspirations. The fourth is intended for a number still

smaller, yet quite large, of whom the author confesses himself to be one, who shrink more than most from "dumb forgetfulness." Of the rest I will only say that some were aimed chiefly at directing the thoughts, others chiefly at shaping the lives, of those who heard them.

The author is as sensible as any one can be that he has not covered the whole ground. If there were no other obstacle, to do so would have required a much larger volume than this. But I trust that, as a whole, the book covers a much wider range of suggestion than might at first appear, converging, too, upon righteous character. And in my college pastorate of over forty years I have sought not more to lead my auditors to certain conclusions in thought than to create the atmosphere of love of truth. I would help them to think for themselves, and to correct the errors I might have made. I deem no right results really reached except as reached in this

spirit. The true preacher of Christ would lead his fellow men to One who is Himself the truth.

The forms and faces of how many whom I have addressed rise distinctly before me! As I said once to some of them, "I have not been effusive toward you, and I will not begin to be so now." But I cannot forget their kindness and generosity of heart — what hearts young men have! I count them valued friends, and I would fain greet them all. This may not be. I must remember, too, that this volume is not designed for them only, but for that larger body of college graduates of whom they are a part, and, indeed, for a still wider public. For, all are called to give earnest heed to the subject of the book.

To the Infinite Friend I commend those who heard and those who shall read.

S. P. L.

HANOVER, N. H.

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INTRODUCTION

E author of these sermons enjoys the
inction of having completed an active
torate of forty years in a college church.
o not know a living minister upon whom
like distinction rests.

The period covered by Dr. Leeds's pas-
ate was one of intellectual and moral
vity. No preacher of this period could
ore the issues raised by the civil war, or
the subsequent material development of
country, or by the incoming of theolo-
al inquiry and controversy, or if his lot
cast in a college community, by the
rp changes in the subject matter and
thods of the higher education. Through-
his long term of service, and amid all
changes incident to it, Dr. Leeds kept
e with the growth of the mind and con-
nce with which he had to do. He made
personal advance essential to leader-
o. He kept himself so wisely informed
the progress of science and of religion

that he committed himself to no false or untenable position. In the words of the minutes adopted by the church upon his resignation, "In a church and community marked by very divergent opinions, strongly held and openly expressed on religious, social, and political subjects, he maintained his independence without compromise and without offense; and bringing no reproach upon the cross of Christ, he exhibited to all an unselfish gentleness."

The printed sermon cannot declare the personality of the preacher. Not even the quaint sentence, the kindling thought, or the evident striving of the spirit can tell just how the word was spoken. But the reader to whom these sermons are simply sermons will see on every page the intellectual hospitality, the fine temper, the spiritual insight, the assured faith, and the single purpose of the man who wrote them. Many who read these sermons will recall the preacher; now and then one will recall a sermon as it was preached. Among the ten generations of college students who listened to Dr. Leeds, there may be some who will for the first time respond in their matu-

to the truths here repeated; there will thers who will bear witness, out of long rience, to their essential truthfulness. none will these sermons seem out ate. Whatever memories they may ten, they will be recognized as having ghtful claim upon all who are willing ink and who wish to believe.

WILLIAM JEWETT TUCKER.

MOUTH COLLEGE,
May 18, 1904.

THE CHRISTIAN PHILOSOPHY OF LIFE

I

FAITH: HINDRANCES AND HELPS

By faith Abraham —: By faith Isaac —: By faith Jacob. — HEB. xi. 8, 20, 21.

Jesus said unto them, This is the work of God, that ye believe on him whom he hath sent. — JOHN vi. 29.

THE patriarchs whom I have named I have chosen from among others mentioned in the eleventh chapter of Hebrews, in part because they were plain men. David was a king, Joseph was a great king's prime minister, Moses transcended any monarch. But these three were wanderers in a foreign land, having no fixed home, dwellers in tents by one and another fountain, or in one and another grove. They are better exemplars for us, then, in some respects, than if they had occupied the high places of the earth. I only add, that from a simply

natural point of view, — from such a point of view, then, as we were never meant to take, — their course does not seem a wise one; that of their kinsman, Lot, much more so. Commonly, no course that is to be fruitful in grand results appears quite wise at the time to the world around. Faith is almost always irrational in the eyes of a merely worldly wisdom.

It was to descendants of these men that our Lord Jesus said, in answer to the inquiry what they should do that they might work the works of God, — the works which God commanded them, — "This is *the* work" — the supreme work — "of God, that ye believe on him whom He hath sent," i. e. receive me as your heaven-sent Leader and Redeemer. And this is the word to all later generations of all peoples, to us to-day and to each of us, — receive Christ Jesus as Saviour and Lord. To do this is the consummate manifestation of that faith which the patriarchs practiced, the faith which is described in the first verse of the eleventh chapter of Hebrews, like an inscription over the great entrance to Westminster Abbey. "Faith (I quote

our American Revised Version) is assurance of things hoped for, a conviction of things not seen."

I wish to speak briefly this morning of some of the obstacles and a few of the encouragements to that faith.

One chief obstacle is that its objects are out of sight. To a great degree Faith says, To-morrow. The world says (or self, as it interprets the world, says), To-day. Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob "looked for a city whose builder and maker is God." The world says, "Here is a city, if not that city; seek no farther; rest and enjoy *now*." This is one of the greatest hindrances to Faith. She confessedly lays chief stress on To-morrow, while worldliness claims the right to say To-day. And we are so much like children — even if children of a larger growth — that we want our good things right off. Listen to Bunyan: "I saw, moreover, in my dream that the Interpreter took Christian by the hand and led him into a little room where sat two little children, each one in his chair. The name of the eldest was Passion, and the name of the other

Patience. Passion seemed to be much discontented, but Patience was very quiet. Then Christian asked, What is the reason of the discontent of Passion? The Interpreter answered, The governor of them would have him stay for his best things till the beginning of the next year, but he will have them all now, but Patience is willing to wait. Then I saw that one came to Passion and brought him a bag of treasure and poured it down at his feet; the which he took up and rejoiced therein, and withal laughed Patience to scorn. But I beheld but a while, and he had lavished all away, and had nothing left him but rags. Then said Christian to the Interpreter, Expound this matter more fully to me. So he said: These two lads are figures; Passion, of the men of this world, and Patience, of the men of that which is to come; for as here thou seest, Passion will have all now, this year, that is to say, in this world, so are the men of this world; they must have all their good things now; they cannot stay till the next year, that is, until the next world, for their portion of good."

And yet, let us note as we go, it is not

commonly true that To-day belongs to the world. Are the young men to whom it offers To-day — I will not say rich *now* — but are they likely to be so soon, if ever? For most of us, and for all of us most of the time, the world says To-morrow, just as much as faith does. "Ten, twenty, thirty years hence, young man, thou shalt be rich or famous." Well, even twenty years is not a very short way off. We have a much better prospect of heaven's treasure and heaven's fame — if we are Christ's disciples — by that time than we have of earthly. When the world says To-day, almost always, if you will listen closely, you will note, however loud the tone, a little lack of distinctness on the second syllable. At all events, its To-day commonly proves To-morrow. "When your hair shall be at least tinged with gray, when your eyesight has become a little dim, when the pleasure that honor or money might give you is one half gone, when those for whose sake chiefly you desire it have lain down wearily to their last sleep, *then* you may — perhaps — have what you covet." And as I have said, long before that, you may be enjoying a

safe treasure and eternal praise. Forty years hence there will be a great many rich and honorable men of those now before me, but they will be *up there*, most of them.

And this is not all. Faith does own to-day in large degree, and to-morrow too. How, I will show presently when I speak of the encouragements to Faith. But here is a chief obstacle to it. The world claims the present, and we believe the world.

Another chief obstacle is that Faith's objects are always invisible to the bodily eye, — when you get them you cannot see them, — while the world's objects are, or seem, palpable to the eye and touch. Gold — you can handle it; you can put it into bags and weigh it. Applause — you can hear it; the plaudits of the crowd, the praise of associates, — best of all, the old comrades' congratulations, — you can hear them, almost feel them. Jesus' word, "Well done," — it is the spirit that will hear that, not the bodily ear. Men prefer the loud-toned voice, the glaring aspect of the world.

And yet, is the world right in this, even? Is it the gold that satisfies those who have

it, except here and there a miser? By no means. It is the power and the sense of power which its possession gives. Is it the audible applause that pleases? Nay, it is that to which it only testifies; and hence it is that the praise of a few dear friends, the praise of one dearest friend, is worth more to us than the loudest pæans of the multitude. So that, after all, the world really shifts its ground to that of Faith. But the world — as I have said, one's sinful self, misinterpreting or misusing the world — deceives men willing to be deceived. Its gifts are sure and they are here, it affirms, and we believe.

One more hindrance I name, scarcely more than name; the throng is on the world's side. Abraham, Isaac, Jacob are alone. The nations are around them in their harvest-covered fields or their firm-set cities, perish though they yet may and a Dead Sea sweep over them.

Here, then, are obstacles to faith. Good men feel them. The power of the visible and the present, the influence of the great throng, I might add their own imperfections, — Abraham felt them, no doubt,

and doubtless even yielded to them at times.

But yet Faith has its encouragements also. I will name two. As I have already said, Faith greatly owns to-day as well as to-morrow. The patriarchs had much in the present. There are two kinds of ownership, — the one when legally we hold property, the other when we rightfully enjoy, more or less, that which our fellow man legally holds. It is what we get out of things which makes us rich, not their bare possession. Your neighbor adds field to field, and builds larger barns, and receives the proceeds of his toil and care; but you, too, enjoy his landscape, the distant hills, the nearer pastures, the green meadows, the sweet-breathed cattle faring home at sunset, the song of birds, the hum of insects all day long; these are for you also. So Faith gets a great deal out of the present and the visible, as she goes onward; the more, that she does not impatiently crush their objects beneath her feet, as worldliness so often does. One does not need to forget God and heaven in order

to watch a sunset, to look at the starry vault at night, or to ponder the lessons of history or be profoundly interested in the deeds of living heroes, to read with beating heart the words of the poets, or to listen to the merry voices of children, or to enjoy friends or sweet home. If it is true that God makes His sun to rise on the evil as well as the good, it is as true that He makes it to rise on the good as well as the evil. Nature does not still her harmony as Christ's follower passes; earth and sky do not lose their glories. Human life, so full of interest commonly, even when pathetic, does not part with its strange charm. No, indeed, Faith has a strong hold on to-day as well as to-morrow.

But besides and more, all these things, to Faith, reflect the Heavenly Father, God. The thing which chiefly makes them valuable, Faith has in a degree now. "God maketh His sun to rise on the evil and the good," men say, *misquoting;* Jesus said, "Your Father who is in heaven" doeth it, and Faith repeats after him, My Father who is in heaven. There is all the difference possible. The sunshine to the man of

the world means something pleasant, useful, or splendid; to the Christian it means all this and a heavenly Parent too; all this, and an infinitely loving and lovable heart besides. The world says To-day, and its to-day means to-morrow, or, more likely, never; but even when Faith says To-morrow, its to-morrow begins in measure at once, and "coming events cast" something of their glory before.

That is one encouragement to faith; there is another of a quite different kind. Every good thing here below, as I have already hinted, bears witness to its value. The best points in the world's best things, we have seen, borrow directly from it. Every worthy exhortation to virtue is an argument for it. You cannot be what the world calls a virtuous or good man without acting on principles which, if not of faith already, would, consistently carried out, bring you into the ranks of Jesus Christ as your Leader. For a truly good man denies himself for goodness' sake, resists temptation, fights the evil nature within, turns his back on the multitude, and stands with the few or alone when he must. Jesus' follower does

only one thing more, essentially, and, on the other hand, receives great helps. A willingness to ask for these great helps, indeed, is a chief part of that one thing more, for the Christian consecrates himself to receive from Christ quite as much as to do for Him. He gives up self — self-lordship — to a Lord and Leader infinitely wise and kind; and he gains, as I have just said, the spirit of Christ to sustain him and inspire him with hope and strength.

It is a great encouragement to faith that there is no argument to manhood, to virtue, to wisdom, no argument for patriotism or for philanthropy, no argument in any right direction, that does not inure to its aid. "Make the most of this life, of this world." To such an appeal as that even, Faith responds, "Yea, verily." Let the appeal but be worthily made, interpreted in a way worthy of any honest, just, honorable person, and Faith heartily accepts it. It is not true that only the followers of Christ have to fight with evil within and without and to overcome it. Every one has a cross to carry. We go to Calvary, and we see three crosses there. It

is not the All-righteous, All-holy, All-good alone who is upon one. And this may serve as a parable to us; daily, every man who lives justly and uprightly and kindly crucifies his lower and selfish nature. Our faith is helped greatly by the thought that every argument and appeal towards a right life, a wise life, a reasonable life, leads to the following and the fellowship of the Master, Jesus. His words are emphatically true, "This is the work of God, that ye believe on him whom He hath sent."

In what I have been saying, I have given a glimpse at a reward of faith; in the development of right character we have a reward as we go along. The patriarch went forth on his pilgrimage weak, comparatively untried, inexperienced; he ended it, not in the possession of lands or houses, but with a soul trained to bear, to trust, and to obey.

Christian brother! You know not what strength you are gaining, what a blessing, therefore, you are receiving, even now. To yourself you seem weak indeed, for your ideal is continually rising, and that is a part of your reward. Yes, that is a part of

your reward, that, as you read your Leader's words, His precepts grow in breadth; that as you ponder His life, His example seems more wonderful than once it did. Once you thought that if you kept the commandments you did well; you keep them now in measure, but you see more plainly now that love to God and man is the law's grand requirement. That is a part of your reward. You are going to a world where love reigns, and it is well that you should understand this thoroughly before you enter it. Day by day your vision is being cleared; you know more, understand more, of duty's laws, of your Heavenly Father's will, than ever before. And more of Jesus as Helper and Leader and unwearied Friend do you discover; that, that is a part of your reward.

But the consummation of it, the fullness of it, who shall tell it here? What mortal heart conceives it yet?

"After this I beheld, and lo, a great multitude, which no man could number, stood before the throne, and before the Lamb, clothed in white robes, and palms in their hands, and cried with a loud voice,

saying, Salvation to our God and to the Lamb! And one of the elders said unto me, These are they which came out of great tribulation and have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb. Therefore are they before the throne of God, and serve Him day and night in His temple. They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more, neither shall the sun light on them nor any heat. For the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them" — their Leader still, you observe — "shall lead them unto living fountains of waters; and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes."

II

TRUE MANLINESS[1]

Quit you like men. — I. Cor. xvi. 13.

The true hero is in a degree unnoticed in his own day. Surrounded by the crowd, obscured by the "little great men" of the time, he cannot receive, as indeed it is not well for him that he should receive, the appreciation which later ages may give. It is for this reason mainly that in seeking for examples our thoughts turn at once to the past. It may be, indeed, that a gifted author is right when he speaks of a class of men who walked the world with a more kingly mien two or three centuries ago than do any in this dusty present. I suspect, however, that the difference is in seeming only,

[1] This sermon was preached first on the first Sunday of a new college year and during the Great War. Repeated twenty years later, a part was naturally omitted. It seems best to print it now as when originally delivered. For some it may revive old associations; to others it may present a historic picture.

and that I have indicated the chief reason of the illusion. Romance and poetry, too, swell the praises and aggrandize the achievements of the heroes that have gone. Yet because those men of the past are so well known, I select them as indicating a certain high type of manhood to which I would ask your attention this morning. Sir Philip Sidney, and still more, though only because granted a longer life, Sir Walter Raleigh, are instances of men who united a high mental culture with lofty moral qualities. They were men of thought, and of achievement too; and besides, they could suffer, when need was, patiently and even cheerily. In one word, they were complete men.

I propose, then, to take a certain ideal of true manhood, not because it is the only one, but to give more definiteness to our thoughts. I wish to speak of a manliness which includes intellectual as well as moral culture. I desire to urge a heroism which works through a mental training such as it is not the privilege of most to enjoy.

This ideal is not, I repeat, the only one. Far from it. Many are the heroes on whose

"humble birth fair Science frowned." The fathers of many of us, the brothers, the friends, have exhibited a manhood which we should be only too glad to rival. But on this first Sunday of an academic year, when hundreds of young men begin or resume a long and careful course of education, I may be permitted to point out to such that path which they, especially, should tread,— that path which would be trodden by those to whom I have just alluded, were it their privilege.

And even with these I would point a straiter way than might be expected. Not for a moment forgetting that a saintly virtue often exists in the cloister, it is not to a cloistered manhood that I would exhort, but to one of the open air in some great battlefield of life, one that would enable you, if need were, to go out into the actual battlefield where the patriot stands for his fatherland. For if I mistake not, in a highly civilized society we are in danger of incompleteness in this regard. Our literary men may be subtle in argument, copious in discourse, felicitous in expression, and yet be wanting in a certain vigor of thought and

action, for whose sake we must repair to others educated only by the stern discipline of life, — to the stout-hearted pioneer, to the "rough-and-ready" soldier. Ere we are aware, we may become like the Greeks of old, quick, sensitive, ingenious, mentally active, but enervate and indecisive and unmanly, the prey of the rude and virile Roman.

We need, need everywhere in Christendom, and here as elsewhere, a class of men who may be described to many of you by the mention of a name, Arnold of Rugby, men of true piety, of cultivated minds, and of certain high moral qualities, as they may be called; men like him of whom the poet speaks, —

> ". . . the elements
> So mixed in him, that nature might stand up
> And say to all the world, Behold a man!"

This is the ideal of manhood which I would commend to your regard now.

As an important step toward its realization, I would speak first of that which is suggested by an apostle's words, "Glorify God in the body."

ERRATA

p. 18, l. 20, substitute "This was" for "Behold."

p. 73, first line of last paragraph, substitute "great" for "good," ("good value").

Three lines below, substitute "central" for "control." [Compare previous page, "So closely are genuine Love and Truth related."]

p. 76, end of first paragraph, substitute exclamation point for interrogation point.

Accidentally omitted—

Page 76, near bottom: Another thought. In their pursuit of Truth our fathers lacked in scientific knowledge no more than in appreciation of the Beautiful,—whose intimate relation to Truth is still overlooked by so many. They employed the mere understanding almost exclusively, and the imagination but little (I do not forget the great Edwards).—It is not Religion and Science that need to be "reconciled," so much as it is Science and Art; and I fear lest, through neglect of the claims of this latter, we shall come to a result as one-sided as that which existed before Science was duly honored—Sermon on Reconciliation, p. 158, 5th line from bottom.

This is not the place for a discussion of the means of health. Yet I believe I only carry out the scriptural injunction just cited and speak the sentiment of thoughtful men when I urge the proper observance of these. I do not say that health is a requisite to the manliness I speak of; the shattered hero in every age disproves it. But this, I think, may be affirmed: that health in early life, health until cares, labors, or sufferings have broken it, is an admirable basis for a true manhood.

But it is more to my present purpose to say that health is very often impaired by a self-indulgence which is inconsistent with genuine manliness. There is a self-indulgence in literary pursuits themselves. When the day's work is fairly done or in hopeful progress, and one is summoned to rest or to exercise, it may not be altogether or mainly the love of knowledge that still binds him to the study; it may be the liking for a certain kind of mental stimulation, as wrong though not as low as other kinds, or it may be an effeminate shrinking from physical activity, or both of these. To yield is self-indulgence, and self-indulgence

will never make a hero. It is essentially inconsistent with heroism. Moreover, it breeds habits of feeling and imagination discordant with the prompt and decisive activity which belongs to this; it weakens the tone of one's nature, and makes a sickly sentimentalist and falsely named philanthropist instead of a healthy-minded benefactor of his race. Spend the hours that belong to the open air over the book, the pen, or the newspaper, and you become an unmanly critic of men whose courage and achievements you cannot hope to emulate.

I speak thus the more readily because men of intellectual tastes and aspirations are in much peril on this point; and more earnestly still, because much of the excessive time spent by such men in confinement is devoted, not to that study which disciplines and enlarges and adorns the mind, but to an aimless reading of what can do neither.

I only allude now to other forms of self-indulgence as injurious to health as to manliness. How many are sapping the foundations of both by them, fitting the

body thus for treachery to the spirit when the hour of trial comes; nay, fitting it to corrupt the spirit by nervous apprehensions and weaknesses! If there is one who is not thus swayed by a diseased or decayed body, but rules it as its master, almost always is it because he has been wont so to rule it; because, in other words, such a body is his by inheritance or in consequence of arduous labors; in some other way, at all events, than by self-indulgence.

Let health, then, be kept, and let it be cherished. The physical frame is God's work, "fearfully and wonderfully made." Most intimate is the connection between it and the soul. Let it be honored, that so we may glorify God in the body.

I come now to that theme towards which my remarks even thus far have pointed, — the cultivation of the spirit. True manhood does not consist in occasional manly deeds, nor is it even manifested chiefly by such. It is not the fruit, directly, of the will. It is the product of high aspirations, aims, and principles. There must be an habit-

ual cherishing of right sentiments and purposes.

The faithful performance of duty, whatever it may be, is of the highest consequence.

The true man will do his work. It may be hard; work often is. It may be irksome; work often is. It may be positively disagreeable; work often is. But he knows that duty is not an iota the less duty because hard or irksome or disagreeable, and he will do it. He has learned that things of value cost effort, and he expects to make effort. He may have been the child of ease, but in some way he has learned to toil patiently and earnestly. At any rate, his duty shall be done. And it shall all be done. It shall be done though there be none to applaud and none to observe. It shall be done though humble and its omission of little apparent importance. It shall be done because it is duty, and therefore done well and cheerfully.

Such a man will do what he undertakes to do. Not his work, perhaps, from any intrinsic claim; he has assumed it, and now it shall be performed. He may be re-

lied on. His engagements will be kept. Fidelity to himself, to the dictates of his judgment, the demands of his conscience, will avail when others would release him. The purpose formed in an impartial hour will not be broken in a moment of excited desire. Such a man will act up to his convictions. Slow, it may be, in reaching them, he cannot fail in obeying them; he "must obey God rather than man." Carry him where they will, he must yield to them. He cannot go with the multitude because it is the multitude; he cannot surrender his conscience to a false *esprit de corps;* he cannot be swept away by clamor, nor by flattery, nor by fear; he must do right. Far from desiring singularity, he must, though alone, do right.

I am well aware that I am uttering truisms. And yet I might say in an apostle's words, "I have not written these things because ye know not the truth, but because ye know it." Is it because they are truisms that almost any day may see them broken even among us who know them so well? How many of us will say No clearly and emphatically to an unworthy proposition

to-morrow, though that proposition be urged by the common voice, or will brush away the fallacies that cowardice or shallow complaisance may weave to darken our judgments?

Not long ago, when the vote was taken on Rebellion in a certain legislature or convention, one man dared to vote against it alone. Peril to property and to life, I know not how great, was at hand, but he said "Nay." Many ingenious pleas might have been framed to justify him in deserting his country's cause. Of what avail a single negative voice? What good could he hope to accomplish? Or could not more good be done by going for a while with the majority? might he not hope, for example, to retain an influence over many which in a calmer hour could be used for the Union? But not so was our patriot "corrupted from the simplicity" of honor. No. Come what might, No.

It would be fairly easy for us after such an example to stand firm in the same cause. But when our temptation comes, it will be in a case so different from any with which we are familiar that we shall deem

ours "a peculiar case." It will be, perhaps, but a slight thing that our virtue is to yield. Our generosity, it may be, or our amiability will be appealed to. And all our little world, so will Satan say, awaits eagerly our compliance. When that hour comes, shall we dare to refuse?

There is a constant tendency to make duty conventional, to create obligation where there is none, to annul obligation real and solemn. Every large body of men is apt to have its fictitious virtues and vices. Following this false standard, one may do things from which in other relations he shrinks, may omit to do things which on no account would he fail in other relations to perform. Blessed is he who does not suffer his perceptions to be darkened, but with clear conviction acts firmly and steadfastly up to the line of duty. He is a man.

Let us give heed to the apostle's words, "Watch ye" against the guile of the crafty, "stand fast in the faith," in the great principles of truth and duty "quit you like men," "be strong."

Another point of highest consequence is

the government of the passions and appetites.

The passions crave their satisfaction in the present. The victory of manhood lies in keeping the future as powerful over us as the present. As vivid it can seldom be, and if we wait to have it so, we must wait long indeed; as controlling, it can be. For its objects are so grand as to compensate and more than compensate for their remoteness. What is the red pottage to the birthright? What is the ease, the safety, the applause of to-day to the rewards that follow manliness as certainly as the shadow follows the substance? 'T is true that we are in the valley now, and that the hills and heights are far away. But so glorious are those mountain-tops where rests the sunshine all the day, and on which the very throne of God sometimes seems to stand, so distinct, too, is the sound at times of our Lord's coming chariot wheels, that as we walk the valley we need not forget the hills.

Why is it, my friends, to follow up the figure, that in the loveliest plain our eyes turn often to the heights, if such there be,

that bound it? It is because we were made, even in the lower range of our being, for more than we actually see; because the mountains, unconscious as we may be of it, suggest to the mind more than we look upon. And so in our soul's higher range we were made for things greater far than this world supplies. Our nature is too broad to be satisfied with earth's gifts. For a little season we wear frames fitted to our present abode, that need things seen and palpable, and crave far more than they need. But we who wear these frames, we, ourselves, rich in faculties of thought and imagination, of affection, of conscience, and spiritual sensibility, need and crave what only an unseen and spiritual world can give. And therefore in such a world there are influences to counterbalance those of the more vivid present. In so far as the soul is worth more than the body, is the future fitted to be more potential than the present.

But shall it be? On the answer to the question depends our manhood. Children or men, which shall we be? Grown-up children or full-grown men? The victory

of manhood lies in realizing the future, — in governing, then, the appetites and passions.

Think, then, young men, may I not say to you? think, when the next temptation comes to passion in some perhaps petty form, of the issue involved. The intoxicating draught which good-fellowship invites, but which your own judgment and, perchance, too, a mother's wish, forbids — on your treatment of it may hinge more than you suspect, — the question of your manliness.

I name but one more point, and that closely connected with the one we have just been considering, — self-denial. By this I mean the renunciation of self-gratification, as a supreme end, in all its forms.

To conquer the passions is one form of self-denial. But it includes much more than that, such as the giving up of one's will or the yielding of one's innocent preference on right occasion. In some shape self-denial is necessary to a high manhood, for the entire life of every true man is more or less the practice of this virtue.

There is an almost constant surrender of something, a daily taking up of the cross. Now it is ease, and again it is comfort, that is sacrificed. Now it is some slight gratification, and again it is some great happiness. It may be literary enjoyment or literary fame. It may be the prospect of wealth or of honor. It may be the society of those we love best. It may be the cherished plan of years, whose realization has awaited us as the Promised Land did the Jewish lawgiver, and as long, but can now be surveyed only from some far-off Pisgah's top. Our self-denial may be a frequent surrender of things soon forgotten, or it may be a lifelong relinquishment of that which we can never forget.

And such is the rule of all true living, — a readiness to surrender to duty, that is, to God, what we prize most, a readiness often put to the test. It is "a hard saying," doubtless. It is often so hard to do right. But, my friend, would you be a man? Be willing, then, to pay the price.

Look about you at the material world, even, in which we dwell. It might have been made so that none would ever be

hurt, — instead of rocks, down; violets instead of briers; zephyrs and not tempests, if we want such a world as that. But no such world is this of ours, but a rough world, a world where one must often take heed or he will be gravely hurt. Look, too, at all history, sacred or profane. Joseph and Moses and David and Daniel became what they were — how and where? In dungeon and exile and battlefield and the lion's den — by self-denial, yea, suffering, in the cause of virtue and piety. How won Demosthenes his crown, and Cæsar and Dante and Wickliffe and Knox and Luther and William the Silent and Washington? With one voice they testify that earth's prizes as well as heaven's are bought with toil, pain, self-sacrifice. They gave up ease, they surrendered enjoyment, they yielded up themselves, even, many of them, for such is the way of true manhood.

"Quit you like men." From what inspired lips did these words come? From those of one who had been beaten, stoned, imprisoned, thrice shipwrecked, who had hungered and thirsted often, and often been "in cold and nakedness," and inces-

santly in peril; from one assuredly who had a right to speak, and whose example teaches us what obedience to his exhortation might involve. And as each successive age and every succeeding hero repeats the exhortation, the story of each says, Be sure that it will cost you self-denial to be a man!

"Quit you like men." There was One who came into this world to be a man, even the pattern man. And what was his history? "The Son of man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister, and to give his life." "Wherefore, seeing we also are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses, let us lay aside every weight, and the sin which doth so easily beset us, and let us run with patience the race that is set before us, looking unto Jesus, the author and finisher of our faith, who for the joy that was set before him, endured the cross, despising the shame."

Have I discouraged any as I have thus spoken of the requisites to true manliness? Let me remind you that this same Jesus tells us, "My yoke is easy and my burden

light." And how can this be, do any ask? I have already said that there is a future which faith makes real. He can bring that future near. He can make the unseen realities visible to the soul. Walking with Him, we can quit ourselves as we ought. "By faith Moses forsook Egypt, not fearing the wrath of the king; for he endured as seeing Him who is invisible." Yes, there are realities, realities alone worthy of the name, and in their contemplation duty may be pleasure and self-denial privilege.

I said when I began that I should urge to a peculiar type of manhood, and I have aimed to point out some of its qualities. Is it not literally true that we were never summoned to its realization so emphatically as now? Into the turmoil of our marts and the retirement of our cloisters, when there was danger by no means slight of our becoming degenerate sons of noble sires, danger that our men of trade would be absorbed and lost in what they called the practical, and our men of scholarship sink into enervate and dreamy students, the voice of the Lord of hosts has come,

saying, "Rise up, go forth, quit you like men!" As one sometimes in a mountain ride turns suddenly a hill and lo! as if a curtain had risen, a vast panorama of valley and plain and river and height and town is before him, so a quick turn in our country's history has brought us face to face with realities; the things that hemmed in our vision are gone, the apparent has given place to the actual, and before us are the verities of national honor, loyalty, and freedom. And now what need we more than men such as I would persuade you to be, men in whom the mental serves and is quickened by the moral, and to whom the physical is the ally of both? Perhaps this time may aid in the education of such men. I know not but that it is an excellent thing for our people that the babble of mere politicians and demagogues is lost for a season in the din of men whose vocation is to do; for God is calling for men to serve Him.

To-day a quarter of a million of our brethren are in arms to sustain our country's government and institutions. Is there no voice for us who do not and ought not to go to the field? Have we no service to

render? Are we not joyfully bound, in our calling, to aspire to even loftier achievement and higher self-devotion? Come, O Captain of our salvation! inspire us with thy spirit, that we may quit us like men!

III

GIFTS ARE FOR SERVICE

The Lord God hath given me the tongue of the learned, that I should know how to speak a word in season to him that is weary. — ISAIAH l. 4.

GIFTS and opportunities are for service, that their possessor may help his less fortunate fellows; this is an obvious suggestion of these words. They are not for his own enjoyment merely or mainly. They are not bestowed that one may win admiration. Still less are they given as weapons with which to beat down his neighbor for his own aggrandizement. God is not glorified thus, and we were made to glorify Him. "Talents" of whatever kind are distributed among men by Him for His work. That is to be the object of the recipients; and their supreme happiness, so far as these can give them, is to be found in so using them. God's glory, not man's exaltation, is their end. Self-serving is not the way to happiness, even our own. There is no

surer, and commonly no shorter, road to misery. Would you be truly and steadily happy, forget yourself. Live for self, and full soon you will say, "All is vanity and vexation of spirit." "I made me great works;" "I made me," for my own pleasure, "great works; I builded me houses;" "so I was great, and increased more than all that were before me in Jerusalem; then I looked on all the works that my hands had wrought, and on the labor that I had labored to do; and behold, all was vanity and vexation of spirit and there was no profit under the sun." To seek great things for one's self, too, leads one into temptation. We have enough of that in any path for the purpose of discipline, but in this many, mighty, and unsuspected are the adversaries that lie in wait. For with great temptation come how commonly sin and sorrow.

Gifts and opportunities, then, are for service — God's service and man's. "Whoever will be chief among you," said the Master, "let him be your servant;" and again, "He that is greatest among you shall be your servant;" or, as our text has it more specifically, "The Lord God hath given me

the tongue of the learned, that I should know how to speak a word in season to him that is weary." To fill the ears of multitudes and win their favor by long and "plausive" speeches? Nay, to speak "a word" — a word only when more may not be — "to him," a single, solitary soul, who needs it, even as our Lord did to the Samaritan woman. "We that are strong," said the strong Apostle Paul, "ought to bear the infirmities of the weak, and not to please ourselves." It is the same principle in another form: strength designed by the Infinite Giver of strength to help weakness; strength set over against or near weakness, not to trample it under foot and exalt itself, but to help it, lift it up, impart of itself to it. Such is the Divine Order.

How unlike is man's way we know but too well. The history of nations — nay, what, often, is the story of powerful, famous, or rich individuals but that of him who, with many flocks and herds, snatched his poor neighbor's "one little ewe lamb"? But how far away this, how utterly different from what I have called the Divine

Order. Strength given on purpose that it may help weakness; the snow-topped mountains set up, that down their sides may flow streams to cheer and fructify plain and valley.

Examining this truth somewhat in detail, we note that it is a noble principle and ennobling. It exalts life; it transforms life; and it exalts and transforms character. As long as one's aims and desires find their centre in one's self, they are inevitably petty, more or less. We may build never so largely, plant gardens that shall excel Solomon's,—in a word, execute the amplest designs, and yet, I say, there will be an aspect of littleness about all. Men often feel this so much that when they do great things for themselves they seek relief in the thought that others, also, will gain by their work; they speak of it, for instance, as a public benefit. This is not always because they feel bound to give account to others of their doings, but because something in themselves demands it; they wish to breathe a freer air than is to be had in self-pleasing only. No matter what the

work performed is, — a speech that saves a nation, a book that moulds an age, — if the doer is self-centred he cannot be fully satisfied for long.

But when one truly, practically recognizes the principle in question, of strength given that we may help the weak, wealth, learning, eloquence, opportunity bestowed that their possessor may aid the poor, ignorant, dumb, unfavored, a new and delightful sense of freedom comes. The eagle is no longer fastened to a stake. It rises into a larger atmosphere, its field of vision is widened, and it becomes conscious of new powers and grander destinies.

And surely, my friends, we need something to broaden and ennoble this mortal life for us. It has so many small cares and duties that, ere we are aware, we may be narrow in our views and low in our aims. What shall save us? The same divine wisdom which has answered that question for the true mother, — the type, you know, of those who are burdened with such cares and duties, — answers it for us all. She finds deliverance in living for others, and for God in them; her soul is enlarged by

that; the contracted nursery expands around her as she looks forward to her children's future and her Lord's glory; "losing her life," as she might seem to do, she "saves it," according to His promise. And so for every one of us there is freedom, there are the blessings of freedom, in the practical knowledge of the grand truth we are considering. It proves a noble truth, for it ennobles.

But note again, that to live thus is Christ-like — is Christ-like, I say, and how much that means! The shaping principle of our Lord's life was just this. "The Son of man came," He said of himself, "not to be ministered unto, but to minister," to wait upon others, to serve them. To impart of His own store, — this was His work; to impart knowledge, comfort, help; and more, to give ideals to the low-minded and higher ideals to the high-minded, and motive, blessed motive to all.

We cannot separate Him altogether from ourselves and say that in every respect He had a peculiar work to do, so that His life furnishes no model for our own: a sorrowful thing if we could say it, for His work,

in large degree, was to show us by His life how to live, ourselves. He had, it is true, an extraordinary work to perform, and many even of the details of His task are inimitable by most of us, but its great principles are expressly for us; even the grand motive of His supreme sacrifice is for us, for we read, "Lo, I come to do Thy will, O God." It may never be true of us as of Him that

> "Cold mountains and the midnight air
> Witnessed the fervor of (our) prayer,"

nor that

> "The desert (our) temptations knew,
> (Our) conflict, and (our) victory too;"

nor, quite likely, if His own work were to be done now, would all this be true of Himself. But fealty and obedience to the Father and helpfulness to our Father's children may be and are to be ours.

But observe still again that, as this principle is noble and ennobling, and to live thus is Christ-like, so also it is, in other ways, a blessed one. "It is more blessed to give than to receive." These are words of our Saviour, I will not say indorsed, but quoted by, the Apostle Paul. Remem-

bering who uttered them and who repeated them, we may well give them heed. And they are true words, words most emphatically true. Many may feel, like the old heathen, "A fool the giver, the receiver blest." But we know better; even some heathen could have taught us better. Of course it is not always more agreeable to give than to receive, unless to a proud man, and it is innocently natural to enjoy a token of our friends' thoughtfulness or regard. But true giving, giving in a right spirit, involves that in the soul which mere receiving does not. This is comparatively external; usually it cannot reach as great a depth as right giving comes from. Then again, let us not forget the divine reward of genuine liberality, — a larger heart, a still greater disposition to give, until we are ready to give ourselves, if it may be, and so gain a still greater likeness to God and Christ.

Gifts and opportunities for service supremely, — such is the Divine Order, and our true happiness itself is to be found mainly in so using them. I come this

morning, my friends, to lay this truth before you. Applicable as it is to every one, I do so with a sense which we all feel of its special, or at least more evident, adaptedness to most of you.

But some things in our time seduce very many from the narrow, yet noble, Christlike and blessed way. I refer but in small part to ambition, political or other. For one, I am glad that there are those who are willing to assume the onerous duties of public life, and I rejoice that so many competent and honorable men are presented for our suffrages, first and last. When men conscious of their adaptation to one or another position, and well aware of its responsibilities, consent to occupy it, or even aspire honorably to it, there is no occasion for reproach, but rather for hearty approval. It could be wished that more such would aspire thus.

But if under the influence of a desire for self-aggrandizement, they are in the wrong path. They may secure what they wish, and they may do much useful work, but they are out of the Divine Order. Nor can they do all that they ought to do, for they have lost

that sense of trusteeship which is indispensable to right service in a public career. They may, indeed, from motives of their own, aim to please, but they are not, consciously and of set purpose, trustees for their fellows, administering the duties of office for their good, ready to offend, if need be, in the faithful performance of their duty. I will only say of ambition of another kind, a kind against which our text more particularly warns us, that many need to be on their careful guard against it. We are to use intellectual gifts and acquisitions as the Lord's stewards, not for our own ends, but to help and serve His creatures.

But a stronger, I mean a more general, misleading influence in our time is the love of money. Here again, indeed, virtue and education can do much good. They can direct to the wise and beneficent outlay of one's gains; and virtue, certainly, can take care that only right means shall be consciously adopted in getting wealth. Yet neither virtue alone, nor virtue and education together, are adequate against a wrong principle, —the hottest fire will not be

enough in midwinter with a window open, — and the wrong principle in this case is neglect of the truth that gifts and opportunities are for service. We belong to a vast human family, and we cannot shake ourselves free from its demands if we would. "As every man hath received the gift, even so minister the same one to another as good stewards of the manifold grace of God." At the head of that family is our Lord Christ. He endows us for His work, not ours. Our own blessedness itself, as we have seen, is to be found in serving Him, that is, mainly, serving His. With wealth, as with other things, even a human wisdom teaches that

> "Heaven does with us as we with torches do,
> Not light them for themselves."

And the Master says, speaking of the man who planned to pull down his barns and build greater and there bestow his fruits and his goods, and whom God called "fool," "So is he that layeth up treasure for himself, and is not rich toward God."

But there is a more ensnaring influence to most than the desire of wealth. For most never aspire to riches, however much

they prize them. Men start out in life, as a rule, under the necessity of getting a living, and a livelihood is the necessary aim of most till the end. But this in itself innocent endeavor becomes the decoy with which almost all of us are caught, unless we cautiously beware. By this not only the man who at length acquires riches is commonly entangled, but alas! a very great host of us beside. We miss the great truth that all gifts and all opportunities are for service. Self-serving takes its occasion with most, I apprehend (I do not forget its prime cause, in the heart), — takes its occasion, I say, from a necessity of life, and then weaves its spider's web about the whole man, until all his powers, — his special gifts of intellect, if such he has, his attainments, his abilities and possessions of whatever kind, — he regards as completely his own, to do with as he will, to get pleasure out of, to get honor from, assuredly to use for his own family exclusively. How brightly does the spider's web glisten! So go educated men with the rest. So go Christian men and women how often. And all the time the Lord God is saying, "Seekest

thou great things for thyself? I say unto thee, Seek them not."

Who will not sympathize with the brave youth who has his own way in the world to make, and means "by God's good grace" to make it? See how obstacles are met and overcome. See how, to use Cicero's beautiful illustration, the resisting waves are forced to help the bold rower. He triumphs, he reaches the shore, he climbs the heights, praise and honor are his, quite likely he gains the "tongue of the learned." Let him not forget the message of his Father in heaven through the humble but unfaltering prophet of Israel, "The Lord God hath given me what I have that I may help and bless, or speak a word in season to him that is weary," that I may tell him, perhaps, where true strength is to be found, and true and certain success, and may assure him from the same prophet, "They that wait upon the Lord," obeying His voice to live not for themselves but for Him and His, "shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles; they shall run and not be weary; they shall walk and not faint."

But is this practical? Is this practical? Nothing else is! All other ways are ways of failure. They must be, for those who go in them sin against conscience, against love, and against Christ; they sin against Christ's words and Christ's example; and it is He "for whom all things were created," and in whose interest and His kingdom's interest all things exist. Self-pleasing and self-seeking must break down against the throne of His majesty. A transient success, if it comes, must end in final disaster. "The stars in their courses fight against" selfishness, and so does their Maker.

There is a sense, an important sense, in which one may make the most of both worlds — this and that which is to come; of this world, "for," as said God's prophet, "the eyes of the Lord run to and fro throughout the whole earth to show Himself strong in behalf of those whose heart is perfect toward Him;" and Jesus Christ has himself said, "Seek first the kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you." This, even here; but of that other future

world, the joys, riches, and honors of this are but shadows, faint and dim, of its glory.

It was on a day of spring several years ago that I stood in ancient Athens on that spot where the greatest of Greek orators had once swayed his countrymen, and where in particular he had spoken in language immortal "for the crown," the golden crown, and I read there some of his burning words and recalled his success. The landscape was wonderful. The distant sea, the intervening plain, the surrounding hills, viewed in that transparent air, had a strange power, and conspired with the marble ruins of temples and the rest to bring the glories of the past and of the day so memorable for Demosthenes distinctly and thrillingly before me. Charged to the brim, I passed then to another height on which St. Paul had stood, and, in the face of critical, captious, scornful hearers and the idols they worshiped, had declared the one true God. I read there from my Testament his words and recalled that scene. I saw him alone, despised, with no applauding friends, suspected, endangered; and then with that

picture fully before me, those words of his a few years later came rushing upon my mind, "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith, henceforth there is laid up for me a crown!" O Demosthenes, the Jew has won the crown!

The glories of the Greek faded from my mind, and Paul was now the victorious combatant. I had no longer tears of sympathy, but only those of joy. The golden diadem of the Greek was but a type, poor and evanescent, of that incorruptible one to be forever worn by the blest saint.

IV

HUMAN FAME

For he (Solomon) was wiser than all men; than Ethan the Ezrahite, and Heman, and Chalcol, and Darda, the sons of Mahol. — I. KINGS iv. 31.

WHO these men were, Ethan and Heman and Chalcol and Darda, we do not know, nor even when they lived. Some have conjectured that Ethan and Heman were the singers whose names are mentioned in the fifteenth chapter of I. Chronicles and who were of the tribe of Levi; others, with more probability, that they were descendants of Judah, mentioned in the second chapter of the same book. Or were they Levites adopted into the tribe of Judah, as some have supposed? And was it they who wrote the eighty-eighth and eighty-ninth Psalms, which bear the names, respectively, of Heman and Ethan? All is uncertain. And of Chalcol and Darda there is still more room for conjecture. Reading the Scriptures, we light upon

these names, as one in traversing some ancient land comes suddenly upon a time-worn, weather-stained column, and finds an inscription recording an unknown name or event of thirty centuries ago. In a narration of the greatness of Solomon we have this simple statement, a statement whose full import was doubtless familiar to those who first read it: "For he was wiser than all men; than Ethan the Ezrahite, and Heman, and Chalcol, and Darda, the sons of Mahol." This is their only record, and here they are mentioned only as foils to another man.

In their generation they uttered their sententious wisdom, and their happy sayings passed from mouth to mouth, becoming in some cases, no doubt, proverbs among their people; proverbs, perhaps, which the traveler hears quoted to-day in the East, or which, perchance, are repeated among ourselves. Their decisions of knotty questions, their judgments in difficult cases of duty, their maxims for the conduct of life, were the delight and admiration of their day, as they themselves were the pride and joy of the father from whom they sprung;

and their name and fame were diffused among men. Their names we have still, but their fame, what is it?

We are reminded of another and very similar example in "the Seven Wise Men" of Greece, who lived at least four hundred years later. Who all these were is not quite certain; and of any of them, even the most eminent, but a few sayings, and these of doubtful authenticity, are preserved. What little we know of the philosophy of Thales, who leads the van in the history of Greek thought, is in words not his own. And what shall we say of those sages of an earlier time who were the light of Egypt, or whose maxims were on every tongue in India, but who had not even the fortune to have it recorded of them that some one else was wiser than they? In times later, much later, how many have there been to whom the title of "wise man" might not unjustly be applied, but whose memory has long since faded!

Shall we say, then, that these men lived in vain? that "Ethan the Ezrahite, and Heman, and Chalcol, and Darda, the sons of Mahol," might as well have never lived?

Not so. For as Solomon is reported to have said, "I have accomplished things unhoped for, and no work is in vain." Their wisdom has been incorporated with the world's wisdom. If their sayings are not still current, yet they exerted an influence on their contemporaries and immediate successors at least. They shaped the judgments of men, they elevated human morality, they rebuked and restrained tyrants and demagogues, they made the world more tolerable to live in. In saying this, I do not forget the frequent impotence of wisdom, proverbial and other. Nevertheless, the words and lives of sages have moulded human thought and action. If we are not often guided by them directly, they have so entered into our sentiments as to exert a real though unconscious influence over us. A single happy decision in casuistry, a single high-minded decision on the claims of veracity, has long stood like a friendly beacon to direct the course of some, at least, and when the name of him who built the lighthouse has been forgotten the light has shone on; and often when time has swept all away, men have

learned the true course to steer and needed the kindly warning no longer. To-day "Thermopylæ is no longer Thermopylæ except in the pages of Herodotus," we are told, "and what was once a narrow defile of a few yards has been extended into a broad and swampy plain." And yet the name of Thermopylæ is not lost, but still animates patriots; and if it were lost, the heroism that met and stayed the Persian hordes has kindled the courage of men ever since: of it even we are heirs. And what is true of noble deeds is true also of noble words, and "some words are battles." Our lives, quite likely, are not altogether the same as they would have been but for Pittacus and Bias and Cleobulus and the rest of the Greek Seven, or for Ethan and Heman and Chalcol and Darda. "Know thyself" was written, according to Pliny, in letters of gold on the front of the temple at Delphi, at the direction of Chilon, one of the Seven Sages of Greece. If the wisdom of the saying is really less than has been thought, yet it was not spoken to no purpose. It will be cited, and it will even be applied, in ages to come, as it has

been in the long ages that have already passed since the very temple on which it was inscribed has so completely perished that "not a vestige now remains."

What is true of single declarations, counsels, sayings, is true also on a larger scale. Aristides' life is not as if it had not been. The laws of Solon do their work as truly as the Pandects of Justinian, and the Pandects of Justinian do theirs as truly as the Code Napoleon. Aristotle's power is felt to-day as well as Lord Bacon's. Cicero sways us as well as Burke. And to refer to instances of a still nobler wisdom, nobler because it sought the highest ends with means thereto adapted, the patriarch who looked, perhaps, upon the pyramids incites our faith as truly as the apostle to the Gentiles, and he, though eighteen hundred years have passed since he died, surely inspires our living quite as much as any more recent saint whom we have personally known. All, then, of the wise who have gone before, and all of the wise who may be contemporary with us, have made, or are making, their contribution to the sum of human welfare. By deed or by word, by

obvious effort or by the silent influence of example, they have done their part. We are the heirs of each lofty speech, of each noble act, of each pure life that the ages have enjoyed; and although the influence of most of them on any one of us is too slight to be computed, let us not forget how many, like ourselves, have reaped and will reap the benefit. Ethan and his brethren, though long dead, yet speak; and while the wisdom of a greater than they is felt by us, even as that of a still "greater than Solomon" is felt, yet we cannot say, and we ought not to think, that the sons of Mahol lived for naught.

Low views of life are false views. Low views of human capacity, power, and influence are false views, and are always to be strenuously resisted. They are the fruit of sensualism oftener than of reflection, and never of just reflection, but spring rather from the disappointment of unreasonable hopes. Pascal's famous words deserve frequent repetition: "Man is but a reed, the weakest in nature, but he is a thinking reed. It is not necessary that the entire universe arm itself to crush him. A breath

of air, a drop of water, suffices to kill him. But were the universe to crush him, man would still be more noble than that which kills him, because he knows that he dies; and the universe knows nothing of the advantage it has over him." Let us not talk thoughtlessly, though we should talk reverently, of our limited and finite condition; we sustain conscious relations to the absolute God and to infinite duration.

But there is another thing to be said on our theme, and he whom our text declares to have been wiser than Heman and his brothers suggests it: "If thou art wise," he says, "thou art wise for thyself." Besides the influence which a man's wisdom exerts over others, there are blessings of which he alone partakes. Even of a much lower wisdom, this is true in an eminent degree; for although in this case it cannot be denied that, as Solomon says, "he that increaseth knowledge increaseth sorrow," yet there is a profounder pleasure. Doubtless it was an extreme saying of Samuel Johnson, that "a desire of knowledge is the natural feeling of mankind, and every human being whose mind is not debauched will be will-

ing to give all that he has to get knowledge." This last, I say, is too strongly put, but certain it is that in at least the acquiring of knowledge there is a joy deeper than the sorrow which that brings. And in wisdom (as distinguished from knowledge) surely the possessor must find a peculiar happiness. The truly wise man, the man who lives in fair degree by the good maxims he holds to, whose daily practice gives a louder and more constant utterance to the results of his observation than his tongue, must have a pleasure all his own. The future may not know his name, his neighbors may refuse to give heed to him, his wisdom may seemingly die with him, but he is "wise for himself," and of that happiness nothing can deprive him. The wisdom in which Solomon found grief was of a lower nature than this, and even in that he might have found less with a wiser heart. I say with a wiser heart, for even some heathen might have told him what heathen Plato said long afterwards, that "all knowledge apart from justice and other virtue appears to be craftiness, not wisdom." And if Chalcol and Darda had

the heart of wisdom, they may have even enjoyed more in this world than the more famous sage. For assuredly that wisdom which is the highest, which chooses the noblest ends and their appropriate means, brings joy with it; a joy so great that it can sustain us in the midst of earthly sorrows.

We may not say, then, that the sages of the past have been wise for naught. It is not with lamentations, not with comments only on the vanity of all human things, that we are to read our text. This were especially unfitting in those so favored as we, to whom even this world's course is illumined by a light from above and beyond it.

And yet it were doing a kind of violence to ourselves, if we should forbid our thoughts to rest at all on the moral which our text points, "For Solomon was wiser than all men; than Ethan the Ezrahite, and Heman, and Chalcol, and Darda, the sons of Mahol." When the glory of one of undoubted and extraordinary gifts like Solomon is enhanced by naming expressly

certain other men, and when the very names of these men have perished except as thus recorded, it would be an affectation as unworthy of Christians as of any to refuse to see the stain which is left upon human fame.

For not these men only are forgotten, but how many others! Read the histories and biographies which earlier times have left us, and note how many are highly commended, and not only this, but so described that we are confident they deserved the praise, of whom we know absolutely nothing. In each great crisis of affairs there has almost always been at least one eminent person now all but unknown, entitled to a fame as enduring as that of any of his associates. But not seldom has the repute of several of them outlived his. Even if he has observed that prudent prescription that "moderate councilors must be not less in earnest than vehement ones, for seeming insincerity is often excused to passion but never to moderation," he has not escaped this fate. And in more quiet times, how easily are the gifted forgotten, or their memory mingled with that of ten thousand

others of justly evanescent reputation. We see this verified in our national history already. The name of Livingston, for instance, borne by at least three men eminent as signers and even drafters of the Declaration of Independence, framers of the Constitution, prominent in other most responsible positions, — how completely is it confounded with the names of multitudes who deserve no special recollection. (Three votes out of one hundred were cast for one of them for the new American "Hall of Fame.") The same is true of Clinton.

In fine, how few have been those who, however applauded, and justly, in their own day, are now remembered. For I do not deem those "remembered" who are only entered on the pages of a biographical dictionary. Of the great doers of the world, we have Moses and Cyrus, Alexander and Cæsar, as the most conspicuous in a roll not long that ancient history gives us; and of the great writers, after passing over the few of Holy Writ, Homer leads no large company, and their works are applauded rather than read. In truth, there are too many able men in the various departments

of human activity, let us gratefully say, for their names to be perpetuated. Too many sages have uttered their maxims, too many philosophers have speculated in physical or metaphysical science, too many statesmen have ruled nations, too many generals have directed campaigns, too many poets, orators, historians, and the rest have wrought in literature, for their memories to be really preserved. They are like the stars of the firmament, of which eighty thousand, we are told, are visible; they are recorded in the astronomer's lists, but the most learned astronomer does not know them all. Each may do a useful work for us, but we cannot stay to acknowledge it. If in its own sphere each is a sun, we, to whom its light, perhaps, has been years in coming, must seem indifferent to its very name. And so, while some departed wise men or great men have escaped the general wreck, and of some a few anecdotes are saved, even these are entirely unknown to most and by exceedingly few really cared for.

And why, indeed, should the world remember the wise or great or famous, even if they were not nearly so numerous as

they are? I would not depreciate their merits; I would not attempt to decide how much many or most of them owed to opportunity, or how little if at all superior to their fellow-men, on the whole, they were; it is an unworthy task, and let us rather acknowledge and rejoice to acknowledge our obligation to them. It is well for us, also, to have lofty ideals, and he does us no kindness who persuades us that they have never been realized. Often he gives us but partial truth at best, and partial truth is often more false than error itself. No, let us, rather, cherish the memories of those who have gone before. But none the less, the world cannot be expected to do this for many. It has its own cares, its own present labors, its living leaders or exponents. We lose greatly if we forget the Fathers of the Republic, yet we, too, have our battles to fight; we have our statesmen to observe and be grateful to, and we have to listen to orators whose lips are not yet dust. And our private affairs, which absorb so much of our attention, let us not think meanly of them; for their right management a wisdom — I do not say a prudence merely

— is often requisite, of no slight quality. Nay, the wisest maxims that have been uttered have concerned not so much the ordering of states as the conduct of individual life. Most of the proverbs of Solomon, for instance, relate to personal rather than national affairs. The most, then, that can be expected is that a few names, comparatively, shall be treasured up by a world busy with its own engrossing interests. As one is glad to take a single memento from some celebrated spot, — a flower, for instance, from a great man's garden, — and as he regards less the quality than the fact of that, so it comes about that mankind pluck, as it were, but a leaf or flower here and there for Fame's album, — only it might be wished that the choice were sometimes made with greater judgment.

But after all, what though men's names be forgotten a few years afterward, and the stranger who reads them above their graves recognizes no familiar sound? Forgetfulness cannot harm us, cannot wound us then. If the thought of it pains us now, the fact will never give us one pang.

True, the fact is a blot upon all human grandeur. Is this, then, the end of it? The great judge who interprets and practically settles his country's law; the grand divine who moulds the thinking of a generation; the gifted physician who shapes the methods of an age, — must they take their chance of remembrance for but a few years after they are gone? Is this all that the most ambitious has to hope for, a doubtful, probably transient, and certainly unprofitable fame? For us who are happily free from ambition and content to be forgotten, is this all?

Let us take a saying we have already quoted from him who was "wiser than all men, than Ethan, and Heman, and Chalcol, and Darda," and give it a meaning still higher, perhaps, than he attached to it, — "If thou art wise, thou art wise for thyself." Let us read it in the light of Heaven. Then we can overleap all future time and anticipate a blessed remembrance in the Great Day. And in that glorious hour when we receive the approval of our gracious Lord, we may understand the true significance of that recoil from "dumb Forgetfulness"

which is common to human hearts. We would not be altogether forgotten; we not only ask the kindly recollection of those who have known us, but though we make no claim for more than this, we shrink from the thought that a few years from now the world will be as if we had never lived in it. But if at the last, I say, we are to be evidently remembered and with affection, too, by One whose remembrance will be of unspeakable preciousness to us, this desire of ours to which I refer may find its full satisfaction. In Cole's once famous series of paintings entitled "The Voyage of Life," the youth sees a castle in the air, and the old man a substantial temple in the heavens. We can imagine the former to have been not entirely the product of the youth's fancy, but a reflection in part of the latter, — a reflection upon the clouds of this world from the glory of the other. For through the desire of natural good, and good in itself innocent, our Father above would lead our thoughts and aspirations up to the spiritual and everlasting. And so in the longing for remembrance we have a preparation for that day

when the "book of remembrance" shall be opened. And if we accept this token of our immortality and use it rightly, we can defy time and change and man's forgetfulness. "I appeal unto Cæsar," we may say; "from Time, I appeal to the Eternal One; from Change, I appeal to the Immutable One; from Man's forgetfulness, I appeal to Him who never forgets."

Ah, then Ethan and Heman and Chalcol and Darda, if they served the Lord with their wisdom, shall be indeed remembered, and shall no longer point a moral to unheeding men. And then, blessed be God! every faithful soul, however slightly endowed with what the world prizes as the most valuable of gifts, being truly wise, shall be remembered of its Lord.

V

LOYALTY TO TRUTH

Pilate therefore said unto him, Art thou a king, then? Jesus answered, Thou sayest that I am a king! [That is, thy words describe me.] To this end was I born, and for this cause came I into the world, that I should bear witness unto the truth. Every one that is of the truth heareth my voice. — JOHN xviii. 37.

WAS ever utterance more majestic, more royal? 'Yes, I am a king, for I bear the sceptre of truth.' I only allude to the circumstances, — Jesus before the representative of human authority and power, the representative of an empire which embraced almost the entire world.

There is a very familiar passage of Scripture which is more tender than this, "God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son" to it and for it. And it is vastly majestic, too. But this is as majestic as that, and, rightly weighed, is there not tenderness in it also? It is in very great part by Christ's witness to truth that the world's redemption is to be won.

There is yet another passage which is to be ranked, methinks, with these. I do not say that it is either more loving or more impressive than still others when regarded from certain personal points of view, such, for instance, as "Now are we the sons of God, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be, but we know that when He shall appear, we shall be like Him." But as with the two first named, the passage to which I refer stands as a column full of majesty and grace. It is found in St. Peter's first Epistle, "Let them that suffer according to the will of God commit the keeping of their souls to Him in well-doing as unto a faithful Creator." Let your mind rest upon those words, and they are indeed meaningfull. We need not press them heavily or press them at all; let them stand just as they are, not a faithful Friend, a faithful Saviour or Redeemer, but a faithful Creator. They can mean nothing less than that our Maker in bringing us into the world put Himself under obligation, to Himself, at least, in our behalf, — an obligation which of course He will fully meet. We, on our part, are to "do well" and to trust Him, "commit our-

selves to Him," and at length — and that will be before long, hereafter if not here — things shall go well with us. I confess that these words fill me with joy, none the less, certainly, that the Lord's mouthpiece here is not Paul or John, but the lowly Peter, matured by long years of patient experience. Consider the poor child of the slums, to whom our thoughts turn so often, foredoomed too likely, as we are wont to think and say, to crime itself and utter loss, and conceive of him as perhaps struggling, however faintly, towards the light which his Maker accords him. Does not hope kindle in our hearts? That sad soul has a faithful Creator.

But our subject now is Truth, and we must not keep from it long, even though it should yet appear that the line of thought which we have just taken has a close connection with truth, which, you know, is conformity to the reality of things. We have noted our Lord's words, not only to Pilate, but in some real sense to the world, and the world throughout the ages. The claims of truth as such are most plainly

and most emphatically brought out in them. And be it observed, also, that the noun Truth occurs as often in Scripture as the noun Love. There is no verb for the one as there is for the other, so that no comparison can be made on that point; yet we have the expression forcing itself forward, — "truthing it in love," that is, speaking truth, or dealing truly, in love: so closely, by the way, are genuine Love and genuine Truth related. It is most worthy of our earnest thought, besides, that our Lord calls the Holy Spirit "the Spirit of Truth." Let that fact rest in our minds; let us not fail to get its full implication and significance.

Recall again, my friends, Jesus' words to Pilate: "I am a king. To this end was I born, and for this cause came I into the world, that I should bear witness unto the Truth." Most full of meaning, this, to His disciples, and of obligation, too. But I confess to a fear that the sanctity of the Truth is not duly understood and felt by a great many good people. Nay, my fear amounts to as much as this, that it is one of the chief defects prevailing, and one of the

chief hindrances to the progress of Christ's kingdom. Assuredly there is to be no sympathy with a so-called "love of Truth for its own sake" which dwells easily with a bad temper, censoriousness, vanity, and other evil things; and that, I suppose, is what some of those worthy men are thinking of. A "love of truth," too, that despises other branches of knowledge than its own favorites, and even pours contempt on some of them, — can it be genuine? Frederick the Great's reputed love for music is said to have been only love for the flute, and love for the flute merely love of his own flute; what was it worth? And a "love of truth" that has slight regard for our fellows, outside, at least, of our own narrow circle, is suspicious.

Truth — truth of good value certainly — does not consist in mere propositions, propositions that have no vital relation to control, fundamental principles or facts. We are to avoid excessive candor, too; we are stewards of Truth if we have it, and "it is required in stewards that a man be found faithful," not generous.

Yet, after all is said, Truth is to be ex-

alted, and Truth as such. "To this end was I born, that I should bear witness unto the Truth," said our Master. All by-ends are to be sacrificed in its pursuit. The good which this or that will effect, — this or that conclusion of thought, for example — we have not to do with that yet. The inquiry is, What is true? not, What is useful? Some things, indeed, in this regard may well lead us to review the evidence. Have we considered the entire case? Are all the facts before us? Have we taken nothing for granted hastily, and are our premises complete? Not least of all, by any means, is our spirit right? are we in sympathy with our fellow-men, and would we help them if we may? One indeed must never fail to be humane, loving, tender. But the fact remains that what the appropriate evidence shows to be true we must receive. In saying this I do not deny, rather would I earnestly affirm — a really scientific man's dictum, that "the evidence for the highest truth is to be found in the light which it brings far more than in any light which it receives." It is "a master light of all our seeing;" or, in prosaic

phrase, it enlarges our premises. Our Lord's resurrection may be an example. Yet does not the fact remain as I have affirmed it?

Never, indeed, should a man be more humble than when broaching new sentiments directly at war with the convictions of others who, he cannot doubt, are as wise as himself, and whom he may well believe to be better. Should ever pride or vanity or heedlessness or ill-temper be more completely absent from his heart? But while we cannot be too humble, we are to think freely, and to speak, also, "as God gives to us to see the Truth."

The course of our thought leads directly to consideration of the price one must pay for this, for it has its price. That is one of the verses of the Old Testament which surprise us even after all the many good things we have found in it, "Buy the truth, and sell it not." How fully did the old sage understand the case! I will not ask you to consider the earnestness which is necessary, for "men miss Truth" (it has been rightly said) "more often from their

indifference about it than from intellectual incapacity;" nor will I dwell on either the modesty or the candor which we should have and often must have if we would learn the Truth; nor will I urge you to think of that freedom from prejudice which is of so utter importance. Is anything plainer than that Nathaniel's question, guileless as he was, should not be ours, — "Can any good thing come out of Nazareth?" Obviously, self-seeking and selfishness in any of its disguises must be absent from us. A certain measure of courage is very often a part of the price, and sometimes a large one. And patience, patience how often?

Other things will occur to you. But I must linger a moment or two on one thing which is necessary to keep the Truth at least, and to keep it is often as hard as to win it in the first place, and of course is quite as important. I mean the avoidance of false championship. It sometimes seems as if that hindered the progress of Truth in the world outside us quite as much as anything else, and it may well hinder its progress in our own minds. The pushing forward of one's individuality unduly, con-

duct which suggests that one regards the Truth as belonging to himself especially, quite plainly makes a fatal alloy in the price we offer. So, too, alas! do hasty and ill-considered attempts to defend the Truth.

It has been said (for substance) by a great historian, and said, no doubt, as the result of vast reading of the world's affairs, "Truth is stronger than error, but error is often stronger than truth and power combined." Ah, how frequently has power of some kind been used to support what men have doubtless held to be true, and what setbacks has the really true received thus! Most sorrowful delays have resulted until the reality could be seen in its own genuine and glorious verity. Men's unbelief — most plainly Faith and Truth and Duty and Love have but one root — men's unbelief, I say, has long hindered that which was true and which they in their fashion believed true. Often good and wise men, who would gladly have joined them, have felt compelled to refrain; they saw failure in the face of all such efforts too plainly, and, more, they saw that what was asserted,

was at best but a part, and perhaps the least important part, of the grand whole. Oh, Truth! one cannot but exclaim at times, as Madame Roland said of Liberty, "what crimes are committed in thy name!"

Reliance on majorities to secure victory for it is most unworthy. Even if there has been no compromising on points of large importance in order to procure a majority, a triumph so gained is extremely unsatisfactory. And it is commonly futile, too. A few short years, and the opposite view prevails. Antiquity tells the story of an Egyptian king who required the architect of a magnificent temple to cut his (the king's) name on its granite front and give him the artistic honor of the structure. The man obeyed, but so did his work that it was not long after both had passed from the world before the monarch's name had disappeared and his subject's was seen in the imperishable stone. The story rehearses what every one who has reached middle life has seen realized, — the wrongly won triumph has come to naught.

For the intellectual man especially, there is one part of the price of moral truth

on which I must not linger, indeed, but which I must not leave unnamed. He must be careful to include all the premises of the case. This seems obvious, yet is often overlooked. But besides this, when the two things are not the same, he must most diligently remember that the same faculties of his being with which he lays hold of purely intellectual truth are not commonly enough for the mastery of moral verities. I speak not now alone of the high themes which are distinctively religious, but of the "humbler" ones, so called, of ordinary virtue. It was the criticism of a large-minded and charitable observer upon a very eminent statesman that in the course of years he had become somewhat demoralized, and had lost his spiritual insight. His logical powers had remained as vigorous as ever, his intellectual grasp was as strong, but he was no longer well fitted to treat certain questions. Certainly the gifted must use the right tools in their work, or they may easily make blunders which their simpler neighbors escape.

"I am a king. To this end was I born,

and for this cause came I into the world, that I should bear witness unto the Truth." And the Truth, my friends, is not only to be gained, but, as I have already hinted, it is to be kept. This is to be done especially by cherishing the truth-loving spirit. Even if Truth consisted in mere propositions, this would be the case; for without such a spirit those propositions will lose their due hold upon us, and we may lose a sense of their right relation to each other. Fit emphasis is lost, and on fit emphasis depends truthfulness of view as much as on anything else. A man may think himself standing on his old ground when he has more or less deserted it. He may be facing in the opposite direction. His high purpose, his whole-hearted devotion to the genuine interests of his fellows, his single-eyed devotion to his Lord, may have gone in measure, and with it has gone his right apprehension of the Truth.

Even to gain the Truth is not a thing done once for all, and certainly to keep it is not. There must be constant progress. There must be, not morbid, yet earnest searchings of heart. One's motives must

be scanned closely, and while he grows in charity for his fellows, he should grow also in a manly sternness with himself.

So, then, as time goes on we shall know the Truth more and more perfectly, the real, essential Truth. As the apostle said, we have "a faithful Creator," and "we have committed ourselves to Him in well-doing." "A faithful Creator" — our love of Truth is from Him. When He breathed into us the breath of life, He inspired us with that in its germ; and again He has breathed on us, and said, "Receive the Holy Ghost," "the Spirit of Truth." His word cannot fail. "Great is thy faithfulness!" It was for the Truth that Peter and his brethren suffered; they trusted, and it prevailed.

The Truth may look dangerous; yes, as good men sometimes think, fraught with danger. We cannot help it. Jesus says, "Have faith in God." We need not be anxious about the issue. One of our poets has sung, in words perhaps better known once than now, —

> "Truth, crushed to earth, shall rise again;
> Th' eternal years of God are hers."

And the boundless glory of His kingdom

are hers, or, if we prefer so to phrase it, His kingdom holds Truth among its grandest and most precious possessions. Committing our souls to it and to Him, we His subjects are at peace. "Thy counsels of old are faithfulness and truth." "The sum of Thy word is Truth."

The next long stride to be taken in the progress of the Lord's cause in the world may well be a greater devotion to the Truth as such. Assuredly it is imperatively demanded. The hold of unreality upon men is in some forms plainly diminishing; there are now many of whom we might little think it who seem to have given themselves to Truth, while not yet ready to receive the full-orbed gospel. "In some forms," I say; "the lust of the eyes" is increasing, I know, and all the glamour of this fair world is growing stronger with most, methinks. But for one reason and another, the hold of unreality is in certain ways lessening, plainly and rapidly. The Church of Christ cannot afford, were there no better reason, to be identified at all with the unreal in thought or in conduct. On

the contrary, she must unmistakably and conspicuously stand for the real. One of her supreme functions must be universally known to be the love, the maintenance, and the championship of Truth. "To this end was I born, and for this cause came I into the world, that I should bear witness unto the Truth," said our Lord Jesus, and "as He is, so are we in this world." Loyalty to Truth for its own sake is now a main hinge of standing or falling Christianity. But Christianity will stand.

For ourselves individually can we desire any better memory of us when we are gone from earth than that it should be said, He loved the Truth. His imperfections were not few; at times he himself confessed it. But he loved the Truth, longed to know it, and, on fit occasion, to declare it. His manifest aspiration was that it should take more and more entire possession of his nature, that it should be for him, not merely an object to be profoundly admired, but a central and controlling principle of his life.

VI

CHRIST AND MODERN THOUGHT

Pilate saith unto them, What shall I do then with Jesus which is called Christ? — MATT. xxvii. 22.

PILATE put that question to the Jews. But it is also put by the Divine Providence to men of all times. In this present age, especially, the question is pressing upon the world, What shall we do with Jesus Christ?

The thinking men of our day are urged by it. It is very striking with what certainty the minds of skeptics even, and of rationalists, so called, are directed towards Him. It is a curious fact that just as atheism and naturalism were seeking, not many years ago, to sap and mine Christianity with a profounder skill than that of the vulgar deism of a century earlier, they were compelled to pay a homage to its Founder which that deism did not pay. In front of their approaches His person rose like some impregnable tower, rendering all their toilsome labor vain.

For this is eminently a history-writing age. History divides with natural science the attention of very many of the foremost thinkers of our time, and connected with its study as not before is the analysis of individual character. Consequently, the character of Jesus of Nazareth receives an attention and provokes a scrutiny, and therefore an admiration and homage, which it has never had before. All other benefactors of the race form so many scales of measurement by which to perceive His majestic greatness. High as they rise, He is seen and felt to rise immeasurably above them.

There He stands in history; nay, through His influence, in the present, too. There He stands a fact, a fact as real as the everlasting mountains or the broad continents or the all-surrounding oceans. "What shall I do then," asks the skeptical thinker, "with Jesus which is called Christ?" The brilliant Frenchman, Renan, complains that a learned German, Strauss, has neglected this ineffable Fact, and in due time himself writes the story of Jesus, but suffers the scoffs, even, of others of the same ration-

alistic school. Another writes a reverent book; and another still, invited to prepare an edition of it for this country, with equal reverence writes notes to accompany it, contradicting it at almost every point. The difficulty with them, as with so many of this class, is that they are trying to account for the fact instead of receiving it; that is, in reality they are trying to diminish or destroy the fact itself. But in vain. Jesus Christ *is*.

It will be useful for us to pursue this train of thought farther. Let us observe, then, that there is a great effort making to disprove the reality of miracles. Miracles, it has been said, are violations of natural law, and natural law can never be violated; all things move for evermore in an unchangeable order. Happily this view has been essentially modified in later years, and "the question of miracles seems now to be admitted on all hands to be simply a question of evidence." Professor Huxley takes this position, and affirms that their possibility cannot be denied. But even yet many are arguing that the miracles of

Christ are fables produced by the love or homage of His disciples, or that they are merely wonders wrought by some extraordinary but not divine power which He possessed. But now, without discussing this point, Jesus Himself — what shall be done with Him? He is the miracle of miracles. He of whom Theodore Parker said, "He unites in Himself the sublimest principles and divinest practices, thus more than realizing the dream of prophets and sages; rises free from all prejudice of His age, nation, or sect; sets aside the law, sacred and true, honored as it was, its forms, its sacrifices, its temple, its priests; puts away the doctors of the law, and pours out a doctrine beautiful as the light, sublime as heaven, and true as God;" — how shall He be explained? He of whom the same man said: "Try Him as we try other teachers. They deliver their word, find a few waiting for the consolation who accept the new tidings, follow the new method, and soon go beyond their teacher, though less mighty minds than he. Though humble men, we see what Socrates and Luther never saw. But eighteen centuries have passed since

the Sun of Humanity rose so high in Jesus; what man, what sect, has mastered His thought, comprehended His method, and so fully applied it to life?"

Or again: "Measure," says Parker, "measure the religious doctrine of Jesus by that of the time and place He lived in, or that of any time and place; yes, by the doctrine of eternal truth. Consider what a work His words and deeds have wrought in the world. Remember that the greatest minds have seen no farther, and added nothing to the doctrine of religion; that the richest hearts have felt no deeper, and added nothing to the sentiment of religion." Behold, my friends, in such an One as this a miracle indeed! By the side of it, all the marvels imputed to Jesus become natural. None of them need disturb any man who believes in such a miracle as Jesus Christ.

Listen for a moment to another of the same general school: "I would sooner question the existence of any other man, or of all other men, than His. We, what are we? We live on the surface, bubbles hurried swiftly away on the rushing tide of time. But He! He lived. He turned the

whole mighty current of humanity. He planted Himself deep in the inmost soul of things, and this great Christendom is throbbing with His breath to this hour." Believe that — and who can refuse to believe it? — and nothing else that is recorded of Him is incredible. We must receive the facts, although we may be unable to explain them.

Again, call every other benefactor of our race a development of it; say that every other was made what he was by the age in which he lived; that his distinction as a great teacher, for instance, was that he concentrated in himself its spirit in an extraordinary degree, — this cannot be said of Jesus. He brought new elements, radically new elements, into human history. He thought new thoughts. He felt new sentiments. He not only took old or familiar truths and put them into such fresh relations as to make them virtually new, — compare His utterance, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself" in its connection (Matt. xxii. 36–39), — but He also announced new truths which could not be developed out of that age or out of all pre-

ceding ages. He came, indeed, a Jew. He lived by the waters and among the hills and in the cities of Palestine, He spoke its tongue. But this only makes His originality the more striking. In that land of emphatically ardent nationality He is emphatically the asserter of a universal humanity, — the Son of man and not the Son of Mary. The stained window does not give birth to, does not "develop," the light which it colors; the source of that light is the sun. The ideas and sentiments of Jesus did not spring from His age or nation, nor was He the offspring of preceding ages. Rather was He the father of all future times, for He was more than the Son of man; "speaking as man never spake," He spoke and He lived and He died as the Son of God.

The doctrine of Evolution, then, only enhances His glory. And "modern thought," as it is styled, if it has seemed to come like Balaam to curse, is staying like him to bless.

"What shall I do with Jesus which is called Christ?" This, I repeat, is the ques-

tion for the doubter. Theologies may go down or be greatly modified. In so far as they are composed of human elements, it is likely that they will so change or perish; that is, in so far as philosophy constitutes a part of them, or as they are attempts to reconcile the truths of revelation with the present conclusions of philosophy, in so far as they are merely probable inferences from the statements of Scripture, in so far as they are the most likely hypotheses or even the only hypotheses that we can frame to explain divine truth, it is all but certain that future investigation will alter them to a considerable degree, or when it does not alter them create such doubts about portions of them as to make these portions practically powerless. This may be, although it is at least as sure that any such changes will come about through the operation of faith more than of doubt, — doubt which plays the policeman's part and arrests vagrants rather than the constructive statesman's part. I mean that in the progressive unfolding of scriptural truth or of its interpretation in the light of a better Christian experience and a wider

church history and otherwise, theology will receive such enlargements of what it already has as to lead to its reconstruction from time to time — theology, I say, man's work, not religion — God's work for and in man. But whatever may happen to theologies, Jesus Christ will stay, "the same yesterday and to-day and forever," and "What shall I do with Him?" will be the question which unbelief must ask as surely as it was asked by Pilate. It may doubt, as he seems to have done, the very existence of truth, or at least the possibility of its discovery, but the fact of Christ Himself will remain and will have to be reckoned with.

The fact of Christ Himself, I say. It is at the least a twofold fact. There is first the character of Jesus in the broader range of the word, as including that spirit and method of His teaching which was the natural and necessary outcome of such a person as He was. In vain do men try to get rid of it. In vain do they attribute it to the pens of skillful gospel writers. Even a Parker cries out: "Shall we be told that

such a man never lived? Suppose that Plato and Newton never lived. But who did their wonders and thought their thoughts? It takes a Newton to forge a Newton. What man could have fabricated a Jesus? None but Jesus." That character stands, as the stars stand, unmoved by all the clouds that flit between them and us.

And then there is His influence. By that I do not mean merely the homage He receives, even from those who do not accept Him as their Lord and Saviour, wonderful as that is. I mean more especially that power by which He at once quickens and quiets the consciences of His followers, impresses them with a sense of their utter sinfulness before God, and yet makes them to count themselves God's dear children. I mean the influence which is unspeakably more profound than what expresses itself in such eulogies as I have cited from skeptics; an influence which is exerted over others by one who has gained their deepest gratitude, reverence, and homage, and more, who is the very centre of their life, as it were, the ground of all their best hopes and

the source of all their highest joys; that influence which is revealed in those familiar words: —

> "Jesus, Thou joy of loving hearts!
> Thou fount of life! Thou light of men!
> From the best bliss that earth imparts
> We turn unfilled to Thee again."

That influence is a great Fact, — an influence not over one people or one race, one generation or one country, solely, not over men of one temperament or one degree of education, only; but over men — and women — of every class, of all natures, of all nations and all times. There it stands among the great realities which nothing can alter or can dim.

The character and the influence of Jesus Christ — this is the double fact of which I speak. And what to do with it? Socrates — we know what to do with him. We can measure and define him and his place in history and individual culture; and so with Plato, and so with Aristotle, and so with Bacon and with Kant of our later era. But Jesus — what shall we do with Him?

And this wonderful Fact, Jesus Christ, is to rise higher and higher in the world's

estimation, as plain evidence shows. I have already adverted to that remarkable course of affairs by which His character is exalted in men's minds, to wit, that interest in history and biography and analysis of individual character as connected with history which is so manifest in our day. At the very time when criticism was dividing, or proposing to divide, the garments of Jesus, the person of Jesus rose before men with a new grandeur ; so that, even if they could tell what to do with the four Gospels, the perplexity became greater than ever what to do with the Incarnate Gospel, His glorious self. So, also, with regard to the influence of Christ. He stands at the head of our modern world. In this age of a civilization so different from that in which He appeared, He — all whose teachings were on spiritual themes — receives the homage of men more extensively and more profoundly than ever before. He was utterly silent on the sciences and arts and all that goes to make up our modern greatness. His themes, I say, were entirely spiritual, while this age is to a very great degree, — by no means exclusively, but most widely, —

a secular if not a material one; an age whose trophies are eminently in the field of matter and in the realm of forces; an age that sends its missionaries, even, by the steamship and prints its Bibles by the power press. It is from this age that Jesus receives universal reverence.

Now, if we observe the causes of this, we can forecast the future. On the one hand, the providence and the Spirit of God, working concurrently, are producing a development of man's higher nature side by side with that material development of which I have just spoken. It is only a half truth that this is a material age. If its trophies are eminently on the field of physical forces, they are also on the field of personal liberty eminently, and of national law, and, of late more especially, human brotherhood. Great victories are won in our time for individual rights and for the general welfare. It is a common remark that never in the world's history have so many wrong and cruel laws been repealed, so many just laws been enacted, so many national prejudices been weakened, so many relics of barbarism or semi-barbarism been destroyed as in the

last fifty to seventy-five years, when material progress has been so wonderful.

But there is another cause for the increase of Christ's power in our age, and it is this: Ours is a time of pensive thoughtfulness as well as hope. Our modern civilization, with all its achievements, is found wanting; so far from satisfying our deeper needs, it only makes them more manifest. We can travel with the speed of the wind at its most rapid gait, but what then if we carry our aching hearts with us? We reach the Pacific sea, but we do not find it a Lethe. We can speak and hear with the aid and with the rapidity of lightning, but what if the telegram brings us the tidings of a friend's mortal illness or death? We can surround ourselves with comforts and luxuries which kings in our fathers' time never knew, but if the soul be empty, what doth it profit? What is all change, all "improvement" worth if it only brings out more vividly the fact that we have wants which no finite things can satisfy? Our "cisterns" are larger, but they are only cisterns still; and their cracks are larger and graver than ever. We plant our acorns

in larger flower-pots, but still it remains true that oaks can thrive only in the ground.

Now, this fact as realized in our experience is turning the thoughts of many to Jesus Christ, who is and has what the world cannot give. And we want it never so much as when all around us is luxurious, when all around, too, tells of movement and progress and power, and it is the heart only that is weak and faint. Ah, then, indeed, we need the sympathy and support of another and an infinite heart, both human and divine.

As, therefore, the world moves on to a constantly higher pitch of civilization, Jesus Christ will more and more be longed for, until He becomes indeed "the Desire of all nations." Weary of the glitter of the world, men will turn for solace to the Crucified One, and His own prediction will be fulfilled, "I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto me." For will they not say, the only relief from the pangs of this world's joys is to be found in a cross? for,

> "Oh . . . the defeat and loss
> Of seeing all my selfish dreams fulfilled,
> Of having lived the very life I willed,
> Of being all that I desired to be!"

"What shall I do with Jesus which is called Christ?" will, then, be the question in the future, as it is now and as it has been in the past. And as our line of remark shows, it will be a question not for the unlettered only. Thoughtful men will have to meet it and to answer it. No skepticism can brush it aside, for it cannot brush Him aside. And the observations just made suggest also that no skepticism can evade it — get around it. That providence which is shaped in the interests of His kingdom, that Spirit who works for His glory, will always insure that some new unfolding of thought, of individual experience, or of history shall occur to counterbalance the development of mere rationalism. Approach the matter from whatever side men may, that majestic, transcendent, infinite Fact of Jesus Christ will always confront them.

And this Fact, I note finally, appeals to the conscience and the heart not less than to the intellect. It is a question of life what we do with Him. On the answer a man makes to it depends — himself — his destiny. Alas, Pilate, when thou shalt ask, not, "What shall I do with Jesus?" but, What will He do with me!

VII

THE TRANSIENT AND THE ETERNAL

And the world passeth away, and the lust thereof: but he that doeth the will of God abideth forever. — I. JOHN ii. 17.

EITHER of these clauses derives new force from the thought of its author. He, the Apostle John, was an old man, and one who had been a disciple of the Lord early. Among those who first became such, and among the chosen twelve, he would seem to have been enrolled at about the age of twenty. Strangely mature for his years, full of thought and deep emotion, we may easily conceive him to have been, and at the same time endowed with a modesty which made him singularly attractive. He loved to listen to the Master; where others heard only Jesus' words, he heard the heart-beat behind them; tone, look, attitude, all spoke to him, and he rejoiced to lean upon the Master's bosom. So he grew in grace and knowledge; as Peter phrased it, "the

grace and knowledge of our Lord and Saviour." Years passed on; the great Teacher and Friend left His disciples. But youthful John, as he had been at Jesus' tomb with the sturdy Peter, so now after the Ascension is found by his side in loving fellowship and stout-hearted devotion to his Lord. Together they defy the Jewish magnates, and they suffer together.

Still the years go by; we hear little more of Peter, almost nothing more of John. But as we turn to the end of our Bibles, we come upon a few short letters to fellow Christians of the two comrades of a generation before, and Holy Writ closes with a composition by St. John. His writings show him to have been in his old age what might have been expected from his youth, only, perhaps, that not enough is known to us of that youth to enable us to anticipate the fullness of gifts and graces which are revealed in his epistles. There is a depth of thought and a comprehensiveness of view, blended with a spirituality and a strength of purpose which are extraordinary. "What distinguished him was the union of the most opposite qualities," says

the great church historian of later days, "as we have often observed in grand instruments for the advancement of the kingdom of God,—the union of a disposition inclined to silent and deep meditation with an ardent zeal, though not impelling to great and diversified activity in the outward world, as in the case of Paul. But there was also a love, not soft and yielding, but a passion that seized with all its might and firmly retained the object to which it was directed; this was his leading characteristic."

It is possible that when John wrote his first epistle he was still at Jerusalem, while his early associate, Peter, was nearing his cruel end elsewhere. In this case there would be great fitness in his words, "the world passeth away." For the Roman eagles were already swooping upon their prey in Palestine, and Jerusalem would soon be in ruins. But it is quite as likely, and it is generally thought to be more likely, that the time was still later; that Jerusalem had already fallen; that St. John had fled with his fellow Christians just before the catastrophe, as the Master had

forewarned them to do; and that now, at the age perhaps of eighty or even more, he had his home far away to the North, in Asia Minor and in the splendid city of Ephesus, where we know that he spent some of his last years. In this view, how impressive his words, "The world passeth away;" it is ever changing, it shall some day perish, "and the lust thereof," men's excessive desire for its objects, those things so many and various and attractive, shall perish with it. We seem to see the old man looking from his house-roof (constructed in Oriental fashion) down upon the glowing thoroughfares, pomps, and shows of the East. Far, far away is the land of his birth, despoiled and devastated Palestine. Two generations before, he had walked the paths of Galilee or the streets of Jerusalem with his Lord, surrounded by the teeming multitudes of the capital, or near the lake; he had seen that Lord die upon the cross; he had heard the cry, "His blood be on us and on our children," and had beheld that blood avenged upon the Hebrew people. How much, even to a Christian Jew, meant the destruction of the temple, the fall of

the city, the overthrow of the entire Jewish commonwealth! "The political existence of his nation was annihilated; it was never again recognized as one of the kingdoms or states of the world. Judæa was sentenced to be portioned out to strangers, the whole landed property, indeed, of the province was offered for sale, the capital was destroyed, the splendid temple demolished, and the high-priesthood buried under its ruins." All this the Apostle John had known, and much of it, probably, he had seen. But more even than this, the Mosaic economy had gone. That hope of the world for long centuries, that central factor in the world's religious history for forty generations, that very citadel of religion to the Jew, had ceased to be! True, it had done its work, — Messias had come; the consummate flower which it was to bear had bloomed. But what Hebrew patriot could but feel as Jeremiah had felt before? Even the iron-souled Paul had said, "I have great heaviness and continual sorrow in my heart for my kinsmen according to the flesh, whose are the fathers and of whom as concerning the flesh Christ came." How

could the aged John but feel that the world — his world, with which all his memories and early hopes were bound up — was ending? The long and joyous processions of pilgrims — his very boyhood had known them — which went up to the holy city singing, "I was glad when they said unto me, Let us go into the house of the Lord. Our feet shall stand within thy gates, O Jerusalem!" were things of a time already remote; those happy pilgrims, even of the latest generation, had perished in their blood.

And now, his early associates of the Apostolate most or all of them dead, he was in a strange land. It was a great and gorgeous city, indeed, the metropolis of the province, the Rome of Western Asia, which gave him a home. The traveler who lands in these days at Smyrna and hastens — as with a strange satire on that desolate region — by railway to Ephesus, finds ruins of immense extent; he identifies the temple and the theatre of Paul's history, as well as the market-place and gymnasia of that time, and tokens of their vast size and their splendor are abundant. On these, the

Apostle John, following Paul in his residence there, looked with wondering eye; here were marvels of magnificence beyond what he had dreamed. Chariots and horsemen and retinues and festive bands went by in dazzling succession; a citizen of Rome itself would have admired the rival glory of this great capital of the East, for the lustre of his own city, repeated here, was enhanced by Oriental glitter.

We can imagine St. John, I have said, looking down in thoughtful survey upon this wondrous scene. Could it ever fade? But the cry of Jerusalem's agony was ever in his ears, and, had nothing else suggested it, his Bible always at his side would have recalled Babylon and Nineveh and many more cities and lands which had had their day. "The burden of Babylon," the prophet Isaiah had written centuries before, — "Babylon, the glory of kingdoms, shall be as when God overthrew Sodom and Gomorrah: Wild beasts of the desert shall lie there, and wolves shall cry in their castles and jackals in the pleasant palaces;" and all men knew of the fulfillment of the prophecy. "The burden of Egypt:" "Woe

to the land shadowing with wings which is beyond the rivers of Ethiopia!" and these tombs and temples which men visit in their awesome grandeur to-day were in the midst of deserts as barren and sere in John's time as they are in ours. "The burden of Tyre," that Tyre which John had passed in his way northward, quite likely, as the traveler does yet: "Howl, ye ships of Tarshish, for it is laid waste! Who hath taken this counsel against Tyre, the crowning city, whose merchants are princes, whose traffickers are the honorable of the earth? The Lord of hosts hath purposed it, to stain the pride of all glory." And this proud Ephesus, — why should it not go the way of prouder Tyre, Nineveh, Babylon? These gay riders and drivers and pedestrians, haughty Roman, supple Greek, dreamy Phrygian, desert-born Parthian wild as those sons of the wilderness to-day that have come all the way from Bagdad to Damascus, — why should they survive when the mariners of Tyre, the princes of the farther East, the kingly tomb-builders of Egypt, had passed on in their turn? Nay, when Rome itself, as he had already set down at God's bid-

ding, must go also? The philosophers, the pleasurists, the wizards and necromancers, the devotees of Diana, the shrine-makers and the swarming craftsmen of Ephesus, and all its joyous, sensuous, corrupt and corrupting multitudes must have their short day. So, we know, it has proved. The once busy harbor has become a pestilential swamp; solitude and desolation reign on every side; one climbs cautiously the stony, broken tiers of the mighty amphitheatre once so crowded, to look forth upon perpetual silence, and, as night falls, hurries back rapidly as he came to the haunts and homes of living men.

With no prophet's eye just then, — at least he needed none, — but with a memory that teemed with the story of human life, with a heart full of fatherland, with eyes perhaps tear-bedimmed as he recalled the companions of his youth, he wrote, "The world passeth away, and the lust thereof." All these things which men so seek and enjoy, even the empty knowledge they prize, the pleasure they pursue, the power or praise they covet, the very desire for them, are to go by, are going by already.

"Love not the world," he had just written, "neither the things that are in the world;" fix not your hearts upon them. "If any one love the world, the love of the Father is not in him;" it cannot be, for the world is a *thing*, and perverted and sin-stained besides, while the Father is a PERSON and a Person all-excellent. And "all that is in the world, the lust of the flesh and the lust of the eyes and the pride" — or vainglory — "of life, is not of the Father, but is of the world" — appertains to it, to its imperfection, unworthiness, and transitoriness. "And the world passeth away, and the lust thereof; *but he that doeth the will of God abideth forever!*"

Was ever thought grander, my friends, than this last? St. John sees kingdoms and empires trooping to their doom, but he, the solitary man that does the will of the Eternal One, shares His eternity and abideth forever! His apostle does not speak now, as he had done in the Apocalyptic vision, of the innumerable multitude of those who shall forever celebrate the high praises of God, those "of all nations and peoples and tongues" "who shall hunger no more, nei-

ther thirst any more, for the Lamb shall feed them and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters." But "he," the one, perchance, lonely soul, — and St. John's eye, it may be, fell on a disciple whom he knew, among the gay throng, an object of their scoffs and jeers, — "but he that doeth the will of God abideth forever." His city shall follow other mighty capitals to a common overthrow, endless desolation shall be its and their fate; yet *he* abideth eternally. Like the everlasting hills which see cities and kingdoms perish, but themselves remain, like the rivers which wash to-day the foundations of great marts and ages hence flow among their ruins, themselves unchanging, he endures evermore.

Life, you know, was a favorite conception of this apostle; life, love, truth, and purity or holiness were keywords in all his thought, and in great measure they were names for the same thing. Not mere existence, still less mere existence here below, but life in its fullness was ever in his mind and on his lips. It is he who records those words of the Lord Jesus, "I am come that they might have life, and might have it abun-

dantly." For us, life here, life in the soul, is the commencing point or germ of a creation that is eternal. Whosoever believes in the Redeemer hath life eternal — he has passed from death unto life — he can die no more. It is not the future existence of the unbeliever that John denies, but the fullness of life for Christ's disciple which he affirms.

But why shall he that doeth the will of God abide forever? Because "his life is hid with Christ in God." He partakes God's blessed eternity, therefore. He has broken with the mutable, the transient, the perishable, and has joined himself to the everlasting God. God *is* the everlasting One. "Thy years are throughout all generations. Of old hast Thou laid the foundations of the earth, and the heavens are the work of Thy hands. They shall perish, but Thou shalt endure; yea, all of them shall wax old like a garment; as a vesture shalt Thou change them and they shall be changed. But Thou art the same, and Thy years shall have no end." And we, if His children, shall endure also. As the present heavens and earth are His vesture which

He alters at will, so we are clothed, as it were, with this world and the things that are in it. They change continually; in due season we shall exchange them for the garments of heaven's fellowships, occupations, enjoyments. We ourselves — we ourselves, can never die, but abide forever. We are one with God, and therefore (I say) we share His eternity.

I know that this is "Palm Sunday," and that the note of triumph on Palm Sunday is only for a time, and that soon comes "Good Friday" and Calvary and the cross. But then "Easter" follows speedily, and "Christ, being raised from the dead, dieth no more," and "because He lives we shall live also." We have His word for it, and most sure it is. God will keep His own. This earthly life, 't is true, is passing for us, this frame of things to which we are so very closely related, of which, indeed, we are physically a part, is changing and shall disappear; but if obedient to the will of God we must endure. That will is the expression of God's nature, — the Eternal's nature, — and he, whoever he is, that joins himself to it and receives it into himself

becomes one in spirit, and therefore essentially one, with the Everlasting.

There are two messages that come to us through the Scriptures which are charged, methinks, with extraordinary meaning. One is in the words of the friend of Job, the patriarch Eliphaz. Among the Eastern deserts he said, "Acquaint now thyself with God and be at peace." The other is in the words of the Apostle John, amidst the splendors of the great city of Asia Minor: "The world passeth away, but he that doeth the will of God abideth forever." And the ruinous wastes of Ephesus, its despoiled and desolated shrines, and its crumbling towers, seem to reëcho the words, "The world passeth away, but he that doeth the will of God abideth forever!"

VIII

HAPPINESS: ITS SOURCES OR CONDITIONS

As sorrowful, yet alway rejoicing; as poor, yet making many rich; as having nothing, and yet possessing all things. — II. Cor. vi. 10.

The first clause is my text, — "sorrowful," oppressed by many griefs, as enemies deem, and certainly not free from them, "yet alway rejoicing:" plainly the words of a happy man.

At a recent meeting of the American Board for Foreign Missions I was impressed, as I have often been, with the utterances as to their happiness made by returned missionaries. The son of a former president of Dartmouth College — one reared, then, among opportunities and social enjoyments quite equal, certainly, to those had by the average of men — declared very emphatically that his happiest days had been spent in his work abroad; and that work had been in South Africa, a part of the world destitute, beyond most, of the advan-

tages that distinguish Christian civilization. This with other similar facts has turned my attention to the sources or conditions of human happiness, and it is to this subject that I would ask yours at this time, — an important theme, surely.

The first that I name is employment adapted to one's various powers. We cannot doubt that Paul himself owed very much to this.

We were not made to be mere recipients, but our happiness itself depends on the exercise of our faculties. Whatever may be the case on an occasional holiday, a well man cannot commonly be satisfied without the active use of his powers. Education, development, discipline is plainly a chief end our Maker has in view for us, and hence mere pleasure soon wearies us. Even the little child, it has often been observed, gets more enjoyment out of some simple blocks that give opportunity for the imagination in their use than out of the more expensive toys which give none. And with us who are older, the exercise of our various faculties is necessary. To have the intellect in several of its parts employed,

the sensibilities in some of their applications busy, and the will active, is requisite to any but a quite low degree of happiness. To be obliged, for example, to contrive ways and means towards a desired end, to compare and judge and choose, to have to carry some good measure of responsibility, to be compelled to nerve ourselves to resolute effort or endurance, — these things and such as these are needful. It is not a kindness to those we love to lift every burden from them; it is not a kindness to children, for instance, to do all their thinking or all their choosing for them. And we make a great mistake in our own case when we evade any fair measure of labor or even of sacrifice. All experience shows that a large demand upon us is necessary in all ordinary circumstances of health or of condition otherwise, and that we are happier commonly with a demand too large rather than too small.

Here, then, is an explanation of such cases as that to which I have referred. A man of a fair degree of cultivation goes among the degraded tribes of Africa. But consider what employment is given to his

mind, and the more spread out, you will note, in proportion to his breadth of culture. The language or languages of his new friends will occupy him, and will interest him all the more if he is a man of linguistic tastes; quite likely he will be called upon to make a grammar, a dictionary, and, most agreeable of labor to him, to translate his own dear home-born Bible into another tongue. Moral questions will come up that might well hold the most powerful intellect; many hard questions of casuistry will arise, such as is suggested by the story of Naaman in the Old Testament, when, after avouching Jehovah as his God, he asked that he might be forgiven if, when his master went into the idolatrous temple to worship there, and he had to attend and support him and the king kneeled, he should kneel too; what ought Elisha to have replied? — to have said that it was right, or wrong, for him to do so? Society is to be reconstructed, not to say formed from the beginning; a code of laws, perhaps, must be made. And all this apart from the preaching of the Gospel in public and private, and watching its effect

upon its objects. What a draft upon one's sensibilities in many directions there must be! And resolution, courage, and fortitude, we may be sure, will often be taxed.

All this, in addition to those pleasures which we are apt to forget, but which are very important to our happiness, and which are enjoyed as much in Africa as here; I mean the pleasures in one's own home, and the observation, besides other things, of the common course of nature, — its sunsets and springs and ripening harvests and thriving foliage and the rest. It is a very profound remark of the worldly wise Goethe that "all satisfaction in life is based upon the regular recurrence of outward things, such as day and night and the seasons of the year; the more open we are to these pleasures, so much the happier we are." And these are found as much in one place as in another.

I have only outlined, you observe, the occupations of a missionary in Africa or elsewhere; and yet it is easy to perceive how many sources of happiness he must have in ordinary circumstances. I have not forgotten his wants, especially that of con-

genial society. I know that he must rely greatly on other and celestial fountains of it, which I am yet to mention, but these can be found and are found as readily there as elsewhere.

I am inclined to name as a second condition of happiness, in very many cases at least, the having of some unsupplied wants; I mean earthly wants.

There is certainly danger when all one's wants are gratified. When, for instance, one is able to buy everything that he really cares to buy, when he can look to the future, too, without anxiety, not because of a cheerful temper or a hearty trust in God, but because of the greatness of his store, there is peril to his happiness. The testimony of very many thoughtful persons who are rich is that their best years in this respect were those when they had to toil for their bread, were obliged to economize, and their hope for the future rested on the kind providence of their Heavenly Father. As with the child to whom I have referred, who finds more satisfaction in simple toys than in costly ones, so many a man is best

pleased when he has to manage to make a little go a long way. The prayer of Agur, "Give me neither poverty nor riches," seems to have been wise for more reasons than one. The rich man must take care to give freely, so as to get a counterbalancing felicity from that.

Certainly there is truth enough in the consideration before us to keep us from repining because all our wants are not met, truth enough to keep us from envying our more prosperous neighbor. That neighbor may not only be destitute of something that we have or suffer from some ill that we have not, but his very prosperity may make him less happy than we suppose.

A contented disposition I need do little more than name.

Happiness cannot dwell with discontent. Do what we will, surround ourselves with every barricade to keep out the enemy, such a temper has the enemy within already, and in the very citadel. Making every reasonable effort to better our lot, avoiding all unworthy satisfaction with the present, we yet must learn somehow to

reconcile with this a habit of contentment, or we are undone. We must "look at the bright side" of our situation, must compare ourselves with our less fortunate friends, must accustom ourselves to note and enjoy little things as well as great ones,—we must do *something* to gain it if we have it not, or happiness will flee from us inevitably, be our home in America or anywhere else. Discontent will make a Caffraria out of New England, will render us worse off than a Zulu. We may as well learn this first as last. You remember, perhaps, the English poet-moralist's assertion that our discomfort flows not from Heaven's refusal to give, but from our unwillingness to receive: —

> "What makes man wretched? Happiness denied?
> No; 't is happiness disdained.
> She comes too meanly drest to win our smile,
> And calls herself Content, a homely name!
> Our flame is Transport, and Content our scorn."

It is a great deal to accept what cannot be altered. We may say and think in some situations that we ought not to be satisfied, but what are we going to do about it? If nothing can be done we must just accept it. Think and contrive and act up to that

point if we will, but when that point is reached, we must take the fact as cheerfully as we can. I know that mere acceptance of that is not contentment. And yet it is often more than half way to it. It is the first step in this, as in other things, that costs.

But how often is discontent found among those who have much, rather than among those who have little, among those who have three quarters or nine tenths of what they wish rather than among those who have little or none! If you doubt it, remember the testimony of Goethe that at the end of a long life all his truly happy days did not amount to more than a month.

Hence it is natural to name moderation in desires and expectations as a condition of happiness. We must not "want high noon at the day's dawn." We are prone to indulge extravagant ones, not indeed as to the total amount to be hoped for from life, — I doubt whether most of us expect enough from life, — but as to what is to be anticipated from any one event or acquisi-

tion, or any one group or series of events or acquisitions. One of the very best of English essayists (Sir James Stephen) has said: "To all who contemplate it in a devout spirit, human life presents itself as a scene which, though beset with many trials, and not much abounding in intense delights or in positive pleasures, is yet replete with ever-recurring satisfactions." We are in constant danger of forgetting this. We anticipate and we try to provide for intense delights. But the wise Ruler of all has another and better economy than this. For the most part, He would have our happiness spread over a larger portion of life than profuse pleasures can be; and He would have it consist in the moderate but continually recurring gratification of several parts of our nature rather than in the complete gratification of any one of them. It is only seldom that the soul is stirred to its depths by joy; but day by day, and even in sad days, our various powers are, many of them, called into pleasing exercise.

And the powers thus employed grow stronger by use, and the enjoyment thus derived grows deeper; while intense use of

a single capacity of happiness exhausts it; home pleasures, for example, become more and more grateful to the heart, but those, even of an innocent nature, which greatly move it, soon pall.

To be happy, then, we must learn to limit our expectations; not, I repeat, so much as to the total amount to be hoped, as to what is to be looked for from any one thing or series of things. We are to expect happiness rather in the sum of pleasant influences flowing in upon us than in the strength or intensity of a single one of them. It is something to have the sunlight falling gently upon us, and the green grass spread out around us in its season; it is something to have the ordinary wants of nature simply and healthfully met; it is much to have our friends about us, though seldom engaged in any particular scheme to make us happy; it is much to live in an atmosphere of freedom, righteous law, and Christian morality and faith, — stirred by few strong winds, perhaps, but always pure and fresh and tonic; and from the sum, I say, of such influences as these, and I might name many more, are we to hope

for happiness, rather than from the all-absorbing power of the exquisitely delightsome. And not, indeed, are we to look for it so much as to have it. In curbing our expectations in the way I have suggested, we shall also curb our desires. We shall be content to receive the gifts of our Father as they come. And thus we shall bathe in the circumambient ocean of His goodness rather than seek to plunge ourselves beneath its occasional torrent. I do not forget the difference in temperaments; what I am saying is true of any. Nor do I forget the often "intense delight" to be had in Nature.

Employment, then, adapted to one's various powers, some unsupplied wants, perhaps, a contented disposition, and reasonable wishes, — these are chief sources or conditions of human happiness. Blessed be God that they are so greatly within the reach of every one of us!

But I must also name a quick and approving conscience. You note that I say a quick as well as an approving conscience, which is often named alone in this con-

nection. Indeed, I question whether a man in a thoroughly right state of character notices the approval of conscience much more than one in bodily health observes the workings of his heart. But if the approbation of conscience is to be spoken of in this relation, it should be a quick, sensitive conscience that approves, and not a dull one; else, true happiness, happiness worth speaking of, cannot be had. One must have a sterling integrity of character, the metal must be sound all through, or such happiness cannot be. In vain, of course, will the dishonorable man, or the man of low aims, or the self-seeking man look for that; but equally in vain will the man of shallow virtue, however sincere, expect it. Nothing less valuable than solid bullion will be accepted for it, — I am speaking, you observe, of that solid happiness which many miss while they think themselves happy, and, in some poor sense, are so. This, I say, nothing but the reality of virtue can secure, and its thorough reality. Conventional morality cannot gain it. Conformity to merely current standards of righteousness will do much in some ways, —

will obtain the approval of our fellows, for example, which has its value; but it will not bring us this. "God is not mocked," and as our Lord has expressly taught, no righteousness, no alms-giving, no honesty, "to be seen of men" will win from His hand this blessing.

You are expecting me, my friends, I cannot doubt, to speak of beneficence as a chief source of happiness to those who practice it. And so it is. Surely the Apostle Paul found it so when he spoke of himself and his companions in his work as being "poor, yet making rich."

Yet you anticipate me. You know all that I can say on the subject, except, perhaps, as some discriminations should be made which might require both careful and prolonged discussion. Without this, indeed, we all may understand that real happiness can scarcely come from a generosity which is not, in its essential nature, like the Great Giver's. The sun shines because it is in it to shine, and He gives because it is in Him to give. Not to be praised for it, not to be self-complacent in it ourselves, is

the spirit of a true human giver who shall be blessed in his deed. He would simply help those of his Father's children who need help. And he does not judge nor measure that need by any narrow standard; he knows that, as Jesus said, the life is more than meat and the body than raiment. And although he gives till he feels it, he is not seeking for gratitude in return for what he does. He merely shares his own happiness with others. That is as necessary as salt is for its uses.

Reserving this topic, then, for a future occasion, perhaps, I name now a single other source of human happiness, — trust in God and His Gospel.

But although this is the crown of all, I shall be brief on it too, because it is the source of something better than what is commonly called "happiness." Still, in a world so full of anxiety and of sorrow, and often of both together in the same person, as this is, the true source of rest must not be unnoted when we speak of happiness. For how is happiness possible without rest? And how is rest possible without some-

thing to rest upon? And what is there to rest upon but God? Occupation, a contented disposition, and the others, are not enough in great trouble. They may coöperate with the grace of our heavenly Father, but they cannot take its place. The sick child finds one position more comfortable than another on its bed, a mother bending over it, but none satisfactory, and so employment or general contentment cannot of themselves give peace. Integrity, even that strong sterling virtue of which I have spoken, cannot do this; it is like the bracing of the body to stand as well as it can, but it is not like the resting of the body. Beneficence itself is but as exercise when one longs for and needs repose. No, rest must come from another; it is the surrender of our weakness to another's strength that brings it, — the surrender of our strength, even, to one infinitely stronger; and hence the Divine Saviour said, "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I — I myself — will give you rest."

Such, then, are the great conditions or

sources of happiness in life, the blessing of which we think so much, and which is indeed a blessing, for Landor's remark is almost true that "goodness does not more certainly make men happy than happiness makes them good." Some will find it easier to have one, and some to have another of these sources, but all, and with a single exception I may say especially the greatest, are within the reach of every one.

I end with the thought that, as St. Paul found out, it makes comparatively little difference where we are, or where we spend our lives, if we are where God sets us or calls us. With employment adapted to our natures, we can get on despite many defects and disadvantages in our lot; with a contented disposition, we can bear almost anything; with reasonable desires and hopes, we can find very many compensations for the want of some things that we should like; while integrity at least averts much unhappiness, and trust in God and His Gospel brings that rest — alike amid sorrows and the consciousness of unworthiness — which, as things are, is the

grand condition of the truest happiness in this life. Let us not, then, be dissatisfied with the present or troubled about the future. "The strange Future" (says one, in another connection) "holds out her arms and asks us to come to her." We need not be afraid to go. There will almost always be something for us to do, — and when not, something to *bear* with the help of our heavenly Father; a contented spirit cannot be taken from us by man or fiend, and God will not take it from us, and the promise ever stands, "My grace is sufficient for thee."

Tell me, ye who have tried it, is not this the true as well as the Christian philosophy of life!

IX

EASTER: LIFE

Yet a little while, and the world seeth me no more; but ye see me: because I live, ye shall live also. — JOHN xiv. 19.

EASTER signifies life, and uninterrupted life. A little more fully, it means life through Christ, and that life lasting and everlasting. Its idea is given yet more largely in our Lord's words to a disciple, "I am the resurrection, and the life: he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live: and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die."

Easter, I say, means life. It falls, most fitly, in spring, and this year so late in spring as to show us, not indeed the full signs of revival in the natural world, yet decisive tokens that a long and deathlike slumber is ended. How much there is in the mere thought of life! These plants about the pulpit, how much they signify; what processes they represent; by what processes

they exist! But to the informed mind a great deal more is meant by "life." The world — the universe — is a living thing. All is vital. Everywhere are the pulsations of an infinite energy. How much, then, I repeat, is there in the mere idea of "life"! To other than immortal beings like ourselves, how much there is in simple existence; may I not say, how vast the pleasure in such existence even to ourselves, if it is not a positively painful one! And to such an one, even, many cling.

But we need more. For one thing, we need hope. And this, I take it, is the suggestion of spring which makes the season so delightful to us. Nature, indeed, has no favorites; winter, grand though hoary, is as much to her as any other of her children. But in us spring kindles hope. It intimates new and better possibilities. It indicates life, as autumn and winter do not. But life as thus suggested is but a parable of another and higher. We need something better than life itself, something more than even heavenly existence. There is a life which is a present possession. Note three points: —

This better life consists in the kindling of all our powers, especially our moral powers. In our earthly state we are very much like a bird with one wing broken. But the spiritual life, especially as consummated hereafter, involves the activity of every part of our higher nature, — of conscience, the capacity of reverence, moral intuitions, affection, and the rest. And in heaven, we may believe, our executive powers and our endowments of every kind will have their full range. The thorough quickening of our moral faculties will itself do much in that direction, as indeed it might do here. True religion is a great help intellectually.

But again, this better life of which we speak, this more than mere existence, consists in the harmony of all our awakened powers. There is such a thing as an ill-proportioned development of our nature. With some the soul is too weak for the intellect. This is glowing, that is cold. Imagination may kindle sensibility, but the heart may be even frigid; or tears start quickly, while benevolent doing does not follow. In the moral nature itself there is

often a want of proportion. Emotion may be active while conscience is dull; a robber has gone from the confessional to a crime. On the other hand, there may be a disproportionate insistence on conscience and too little of affection and also of the sense of the beautiful. A feeble will may consist with even a quick conscience or lively affections. The spiritual life, I say, more especially as consummated in heaven, is the harmony of our quickened powers of soul.

And once more, this better life includes personal friendship and union with the Infinite Source of life, our Father and Redeemer. It is not active in its own vigor alone. It is one with a higher nature, and draws power from that. On this point our Lord has given us the familiar simile of the grapevine. "To be all that you are capable of being, your spirit must be linked with mine."

This, then, is the first suggestion of today, — Life, — not merely physical, but something altogether beyond that, something of which the bodily is an allegory, a life of mind and soul, — yes, of a body,

also, though not of this mortal "flesh and blood." "I am come," says the Lord Christ, "that they might have life, and might have it abundantly." For this He first came, and for this He rose from the dead. "Life abundantly"! How plainly this is what we want! How certainly the great Healer knew our need!

But now, in the next place, Easter means uninterrupted life, — life everlasting.

Physically we die. No degree of the higher life gives us immunity. "Death reigned from Adam to Moses," says Scripture, and it has reigned ever since, — as a viceroy, indeed, and not an absolute monarch, and yet how great his powers are! Over all he reigns, and, in some sense, with laws which we may call his own; his Superior interposes no "veto." In all times, as in all lands, he reigns, and "all seasons are his own," and innumerable are his subjects. The traveler in the ancient East finds no monuments more frequent or more durable than those which certify to the rule of Death. If they proclaim the might of some departed monarch, they declare his

name — the ever abiding monarch's — as well. Whether it be India, before the Taj Mahal, that dream in stone, or Persia where the lofty tomb of Cyrus the Great carries one's thoughts back to the majesty of twenty-six centuries past, or Egypt with its wondrous river lined with temple-graves, — everywhere he is assured that Death reigned. But not such proud monuments alone affirm it. Even more impressive, often, is some unlooked-for and solitary sarcophagus or stone coffin, lying empty by the roadside, or compelled to serve one or another present purpose — that of a water-trough, perhaps — for the ignorant and heedless natives of the land. So, as he journeys westward, to Greece, Italy, or elsewhere, and views splendid structures with immortal memories, or lowly slabs with words rudely cut, 't is ever the same, — the same, too, when he reaches his own shores and his own village, — "Death reigned!"

But the Lord of Life, when incarnate on earth, taught men a few times by act as well as speech that Death was only a viceroy. "I am the resurrection and the life," said He by word and deed both. One

thing more was infinitely desirable, — one consummate fact. It was that He should die Himself and rise again, — that He should recognize Death's authority, yet show His — and our — superiority to it. And now we know that "the hour is coming in the which all that are in their graves shall hear his voice and shall come forth." To-day — Easter — means existence beyond the grave, and to Christ's disciples life indeed.

It is hard for us to appreciate how much the resurrection of Christ means, because to us the thought of the future life has become familiar, a matter of course. But let us remember the great world of antiquity, so long in its duration, and adorned with sages so many and so illustrious still, who yet for the most part were ignorant of the fact. Recall Cæsar, the highest religious functionary at the time, arguing in the Roman Senate against the execution of Catiline on the ground that death was the end of existence and therefore an escape from punishment, and even Cicero, urging execution yet taking no exception to

Cæsar's contention. Heathen poets, indeed, gave descriptions of a future beyond, but they were commonly plaintive, even on their brighter side. The existence they told of has been rightly called a half existence — as if its subjects were more dead than alive, and was felt by the departed themselves to be so. Homer makes the spirit of his mighty hero, Achilles, declare to a former comrade still living who was permitted to visit the world of shades that any lot on earth, even that of a bondman, was to be preferred to even the highest there. At times pagan philosophers asserted the immortality of the soul and spoke sublimely of it; but on examination we commonly find that they meant by a future state something which, as one has said, "we should regard a denial of it; namely, that the soul upon death was reabsorbed into the Universal Soul." And the theory, cherished by many, of the soul passing at death into the body of some animal and afterward into that of another, and so on indefinitely, — the doctrine of "transmigration" or "metempsychosis," — how utterly different from the Christian ideal!

The Jews themselves in ancient times grasped this truth very imperfectly, and generally did not really grasp it at all; at best their views were exceedingly shadowy. Some later poet might sing, "In thy presence is fulness of joy; at thy right hand are pleasures for evermore;" or, "I shall be satisfied, when I awake, with thy likeness;" but others would lament: "Wilt thou show wonders to the dead? Shall the dead arise and praise thee? Shall thy wonders be known in the dark? and thy righteousness in the land of forgetfulness?" How comfortless was even the good king Hezekiah when he exclaimed, "The living, the living, he shall praise thee;" that is, only a man alive in this world can do that. If we are surprised that the ancient people of God, knowing as much as they did of divine truth, should have known no more on this subject of immortality, something as surprising may be true now. Will it not soon seem strange that men — and not all of them skeptics — should fail to note that the grand function of the Bible is to draw us to our Heavenly Father, righteousness, and eternal life, and

not to teach science, philosophy, history, or geography, and that, for that purpose supremely, it relates and describes; and in a very large degree, as in the Psalms and by the Prophets, seeks by poetry to win us and sing us into the kingdom of God? The great object of the Jewish economy, most certainly at least in this regard, seems to have been to ground men in the idea and fact of God, the eternal, holy, beneficent Jehovah, — which, indeed, is the real foundation for the truth of a blessed immortality itself. "Whom have I in heaven, and there is none upon earth that I desire, in comparison with thee:" there — in God — is the grand source of comfort, strength, hope, for the present and for the future alike. "My flesh and my heart faileth; but God is the strength of my heart and my portion for ever."

But now consider that immortality which Christ "has brought to light." It is as different from the thought of heathen poets and sages as reality is from shadow, and as distinct from the idea of Hebrew psalmists and prophets as sunshine is from moonlight. The gospel tells us of a personal,

endless life hereafter. And its doctrine of the resurrection of a body — not this body, but a "spiritual," yet in some sense or degree analogous to the natural one — gives, to our weakness at least, a certain solidity to the conception.

This glorious prospect, does it seem incredible, almost or quite? But, indeed, everything beyond the trivial or familiar is well-nigh incredible; we believe in part, and often in large part, because the opposite is still more improbable; and then the soul puts the seal on what the reason has thus won. The more we think on almost anything of consequence, the more wonderful it becomes. Our existence here is transcendently wonderful. President Hopkins, methinks, has well said, "Live as long as we may during the eternal ages, I think we may say, — go where we may into the depths of infinite space, we shall never find a scene of things more strange and wonderful than we are in now. That there should be a future life under a different form cannot be more strange than that there should be the present life under its present form."

Vulgar wonder, as I may call it, or ordinary wonder, diminishes with familiarity; thoughtful wonder increases. To the reflective person, the things we see and handle every day, if reflected on long, become almost bewildering.

This, then, is the great suggestion of today, — life, everlasting life. But let us most carefully remind ourselves that this is more than mere existence. "All that are in their graves shall hear his voice and shall come forth," — that is not the whole. Our text, with other passages, tells us more. "Because I live ye shall live also." For Christ's disciples the endless existence is to be endless life. Theirs is to be that life on which we have already pondered, — the kindling of all our powers, especially our moral powers, the harmony of all, direct communion with God. Direct communion with God: "I saw no temple therein, for the Lord God Almighty and the Lamb are the temple of it." Jehovah's attributes are its walls; immanuel is its shrine. The saved — are they not themselves pillars of it? And that kindling and harmony of our powers means very much which we cannot yet conceive of.

We think of hope as if it belonged to this world. Yet the intimations of Heaven which are given us in Holy Writ forbid our hasty parting with any conception of bliss so great as what is suggested by that word. "And now abideth" — remaineth as a permanent thing — "faith, hope, charity." We shall desire, and we shall expect, continued blessing. Faith, we are sure, will remain, but it will be a better, richer thing than here, and not merely because it is in measure turned into sight. That world is, emphatically, a real world. Here, "surely every man walketh in a vain show" to a great degree; the things that are genuine here are not so much what the bodily eye sees as what, perchance, it hinders us from seeing. There we shall be in a real, a solid world.

"Because I live, ye shall live also," says our Lord. "I am the resurrection, and the life: he that believeth in me, though he die (as to the body), yet shall he live; (yea) whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die." Death, in its full, its real meaning, shall never touch him. The body must perish, but he himself shall live forever. The body must decay and perish, and that

means a great deal, yet this sore evil and all other evils are not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed in us. As one who himself has been lately translated has said, "The best things we have known on earth can be but small beginnings, little eyes and buds on the tree of life that look on to the real unfolding of all that life and love can mean."

But we must live now in order to live then. We must live now in order to have uninterrupted life. This great blessing which is to be had by Christ's disciples must be had now, in its elements at least. Let us not construct an unreal world in our fancy, which may fade away like any other dream when we grow older, or at the touch of sorrow. Let not sorrow itself be the chief motive for our hope, though it may well lead to a right one. We are to be saved hereafter by union with Christ here. Indeed, it is by such union in this world that we are to have a truly helpful, an inspiring idea of the great salvation to come. We need an inspiring idea of the future life, one that impels us to be better,

purer, more Christlike to-day; we need a helpful idea, that shall really comfort us, as mere fancies cannot. For the Gospel binds genuine consolation and godly character together. It has no consolations that enfeeble. It paints no pictures of luxurious ease in the future life. There will be delights ineffable, "fulness of joy, pleasures for evermore;" but nothing in Christ's word encourages us to think that they will be largely separate from Christlike character. "If it were not so, I would have told you," — these words, indeed, suggest a vast treasury of satisfaction for our longings. I cannot believe that these profound longings will be disappointed, but we may be sure that every satisfaction of such, every pleasure, every joy, will have its root in life, spiritual life.

"Heaven," said a choice spirit, "heaven is for them who think of it." Yes, heaven is for them who think of it. And the real heaven is for them who think of the real heaven. Let us, dear friends, be of those who do so. And then — and then!

X

RECONCILIATION: A CHIEF PROBLEM OF LIFE

For it pleased the Father that in him [Christ] should all fulness dwell; and, having made peace through the blood of his cross, by him to reconcile all things unto himself; by him, I say, whether they be things in earth, or things in heaven. — COL. i. 19, 20.

IN the first chapter of Ephesians we have similar words, but these have a still wider scope.

This is one of the passages of Holy Writ which open a rift in the clouds of great yet glorious mystery above and around us. For a moment we get a glimpse of other worlds such as Scripture itself seldom gives. There were things in heaven, it would seem, as well as things upon the earth, which were, or, to say the least, might have been, out of perfect harmony with each other and with God. What those things were we are not told, nor does it seem possible to learn. Cloud-rifts are not easily described.

Perhaps as plausible a guess as any is that when man broke with his Maker he broke with that Maker's loyal servants, the angels. But no one explanation commends itself to most. And our text does not speak of persons — whether angels or men — but of "things," and although this word may include persons, it suggests also principles, forces, elements, which were somehow brought, or in danger of being brought, into disharmony. What produced that lack of entire concord we do not know; the mention of Jesus' cross might seem to indicate sin, but that that was all we cannot say. It may be that, God having reconciled sinful man to Himself by Jesus' death, through the risen and ascended Lord incarnate other things in heaven and earth fell into place, and a universal, perfect harmony was now insured.

My sole object in the use of this difficult passage for a text is to remind you that Reconciliation was a problem in the higher spheres; that is, the Almighty deemed it needful to do that which should conciliate various if not opposing interests.

Certain it is that our God is emphatically

a Reconciler. In His very being, infinitude and personality are conjoined. He is both immanent in Nature and transcendent. In providence we have natural laws and spiritual forces. His moral government over us blends truth, justice, and mercy. In Christ we see the same: in His being, human thoroughly, yet thoroughly divine; in His work, individual, yet comprehensive as the world; in His kingdom, which is, of course, one of absolute authority, yet of perfect freedom also.

Now, if so for Father and Elder Brother, Reconciliation may well be a chief problem for us, too. Our dual nature, body and soul, might hint as much. Whether as those who have to think, or as those who have to do, this is a part of our task; neither in thought nor in action is everything "simple" in all senses of the word, although at the final moment of decision a pure heart will commonly make our way plain.

I have thought much moral as well as intellectual profit might be gained from the consideration of this subject. It is a truly practical one.

But what, exactly, is this problem? or what are we to reconcile? I answer, in general, that ever and anon we discover two classes or sets of truths and duties, which are quite discrepant, and sometimes, at first view, mutually contradictory. We find lines of both which seem to approach continually, yet apparently never meet. As long as we look at one side only, all is plain enough; but when we note and consider another side, that is plain also — or would be but for the haunting presence of the first. And yet both must be maintained.

It is comforting that some such questions are merely speculative, and that others do not concern our own duty, and we have not to decide them and cannot decide them for those whom they do concern. But yet not seldom there arise such, and some of them very practical, and practical for us; and on which, postpone as we will, we must come to a definite conclusion. And we must recognize and honor both sides. I am not now speaking of difficult questions in general, questions which somewhat more light or aid from maturer minds will bring

to an easy settlement, but of those which draw deep, which involve fundamental principles, and which, perhaps, we can never in this world solve in a way entirely satisfactory to the intellect.

Let us come now to some of the specific things which appeal to us for a decision. But let us consider such as most of us are directly interested in, and spend no time on those which might first occur to many persons — like absolute foreknowledge and entire free will. Nor will we now attempt to reconcile them.

I name first, then, the claims of this life and those of the next. The Scriptures naturally and fitly dwell much on the latter, — if not so fully as we are apt to think. Christ was bringing "life and immortality to light;" the time had come, perhaps we may say, when God would reconcile earth and heaven in this respect because He deemed that the race had been trained long enough for life in this world without any clear knowledge of the other. So by Christ it was now brought out plainly that there is another world. There, He taught, righteousness reigns in undimmed lustre, —

yea, impersonated righteousness, truth, and love shine forth in unclouded majesty.

But we are for the present, here — on the earth. We have duties here. We belong to a complex system of things, to an organism. The clearer disclosure of heaven even increases in some degree the value of earth; it does not merely give comfort in trouble, it enriches life in many ways; it helps to interpret it, earth and heaven making a grander whole than men had known before; it adds new motive to effort, perseverance, fortitude. We are here, I say, — here for an indefinite period, and here we are to remain until God calls us away.

And we are to appreciate this world and try to appreciate it duly. Great and good Dr. Chalmers — a glory of Scotland in the first half of the nineteenth century — was reverent when he said at the sight of one of its lakes, "I wonder if there is a Loch Lomond in heaven!" — as reverent as was saintly Charles Simeon of Cambridge, who knelt and prayed at the same sight. But I refer not to the earth's natural beauties or marvels; the worldling, indeed, often neglects these. We are to appreciate friendship

and affection. We are more in danger of not loving our kindred and friends enough, rather than too much; it may be sadly late when we appraise duly those who love us. But I speak especially of opportunities, of opportunities for knowledge and mental discipline, for activity, for service, — for innocent enjoyment itself. Large opportunities are often educative. Earthly success, rightly used, often aids in the formation of religious character. Richard Baxter rejoiced in after years that he had failed of an appointment at court which he had once earnestly sought, and he rejoiced wisely, we can easily believe. But with some other man it might have been different. We tread on dangerous ground here, I know, — our Lord has expressly warned us against the danger of wealth and of favor; and yet the fact only illustrates our subject — the problem of Reconciliation and its difficulty. Position can develop virtue. Certainly, the clear-sighted mother is not wrong to seek a thorough education for her son, even at the price of much self-denial, and the result commonly approves the wisdom of her act.

Just as willfulness is apt to be really weak-

ness of will, so men's misuse of this world very commonly arises, in great measure, from their failure to value it highly enough. They are sensual because they are weak in mind and soul. They listen to the baser voices because they do not hear the nobler. They live in the *cellars* of their nature because they really know nothing of its higher and better rooms.

Very imperfectly have I sketched the claims of this life; it is a much larger thing than we commonly understand. But we must not forget, either, as we so easily do, the other life. This is only the portal to that; at its very best a noble portal, but no more. In duration, in opportunity, in blessedness, that utterly transcends this. We may connect them in our thought quite intimately, if we will, — as in some dwellings the hall is one of the more attractive apartments. But, after all, whatever we may do in our thought, our philosophy, the days come when we *know* that heaven must be better than earth. And generally it is not very long before we are sure which is the vestibule and which is the house — the home. Experience, if it does not always

teach us to reason more correctly, enlarges our premises, and so we reach new and wiser conclusions.

Another pair of qualities, on which I will not dwell so long, are simplicity and sagacity, — and with these, as very like, trustfulness and prudence. For myself, I see no inconsistency between a large measure of either of these qualities with the one I have set in contrast with it. Fine examples of their combination we meet from time to time. The Lord Jesus was a perfect example. Yet, there are tendencies in them all which demand thought and care for their full harmony, with most of us, certainly. There can be no supreme character without a large degree of simplicity. A certain childlikeness is indispensable. "Ye must become as little children," is a maxim for admission into the kingdom of heaven which is the true kingdom of earth as well. Straightforwardness, freedom from by-ends, faith in direct procedure — that such things mark a really high character is universally agreed. Frankness, sincerity, — what true parent does not urge them upon his child?

And yet — and yet, there is another side. When our Lord commissioned his apostles, telling them that He was "sending them forth as sheep in the midst of wolves," He said, "Be ye innocent — simple — as doves," but He also said, "Be ye wise — or wary — as serpents;" they would need both qualities. It is with painful truth that the good Addison writes, "When a man is made up wholly of the dove . . . he very often discredits his best actions." We must admit the value, and often the great value, of "mother-wit," of a native and even of a cultivated quickness in discerning consequences, bearings, relations, and in determining when to speak and when to keep silent, whether to do this or to do that or to do anything at all, though here one may easily overreach himself; does not the cunning man fail oftener than the ingenuous one? Yet we need both sagacity and simplicity.

So, too, with trustfulness and prudence. The Bible exhorts to both. We are to go forth and onward in faith. We are to trust in our Heavenly Father as children trust in an earthly one; without mis-

givings and without admixture of craft. "Wherefore didst thou doubt?" said our Lord to Peter on an occasion when the apostle not strangely faltered. But also there is a prudence which is genuine wisdom. "A prudent man foreseeth the evil, and hideth himself," even when as "a righteous man he is bold as a lion," as Jesus did more than once when He withdrew from immediate danger, and even, on one occasion, went beyond the borders of Palestine. And his apostle's exhortation is surely wise, "Brethren, be not children in understanding; howbeit in malice be ye children, but in understanding be men."

These remarks, I know well, give a very inadequate idea of the broad scope of our subject, but they may lead to thoughtfulness upon it. The duty and the privilege of prayer, with the duty and the privilege of effort, would illustrate it: "Pray (some one has said) as if all depended on God; act as if all depended on yourself." "Work out your own salvation, for it is God that worketh in you," is not a complete example. Faith and truth are often unjustly

regarded as hostile; they are most intimately related; and yet in themselves they might seem at times mutually exclusive; and authority and reason still more so. The claims of persons and the claims of principles supply, perhaps, a good illustration of our theme. Prince Bismarck, "the man of blood and iron," gave an unconscious one when he said, "The imponderables weigh heavier than all material weights." Love and conscience form an excellent instance. Revelation and science might seem to be another; but the principle of verification of which science makes so much is insisted on by the Gospel also, as in those "classic" words of our Lord Christ, "If any man will do God's will he shall know of the doctrine;" so that even in method they are alike, as well as in the stress they lay upon truth. ("To this end was I born, and for this cause came I into the world, that I should bear witness unto the truth," said Jesus.)

All the greater subjects and some of the lesser are illustrative of this Reconciliation. For them the truth is a sphere, of which both halves must be considered.

The old fable of the two knights seeing opposite sides of the same shield and disputing over them, is not adequate. A circle does not fully represent the case; though it is true that with the circle as with the sphere, the point that is farthest away from another in one direction is nearest to it in the opposite direction. There is no genuine contradiction in the parts of real truth or of real duty. And I repeat my caution that we do not confound most of the truths we need to know, or of the duties we need to perform, with the comparatively few instances when truths or duties seem to conflict with each other. But such instances there are, for some if not for all.

I have limited myself at this time to instances of a so-called "practical" nature. But we are summoned by our Maker to consider intellectual questions also, so far as time and capacity allow; to do so is eminently practical likewise. Let me say, then, that with these too we may be helped by the remembrance of our present theme. Serenity, certainly, and peace may be ours. Are we not sometimes inclined — shall I

say "tempted" — to deem truth better represented by an ellipse with two "foci" than by a circle with its single centre, by an ellipsoid rather than a sphere? Let us accept the fact that truth is often the union of truths exceedingly diverse, sometimes quite discrepant and all but contradictory to each other. Absolute contradiction, I suppose, we not merely ought not, but cannot really receive; and yet, for a while, at least, truth may appear so. For myself I avow that I have been much helped by such an acceptance. And *then* a glimpse of the solution of a problem may come!

Let us at the same time learn the lesson of charity. If to say boundless charity seems excessive, can we think of a better statement? One who really knows the truth cannot but have it. "Truth must not be sacrificed to charity"? Truth of spirit includes love, humility, righteousness, and must not be sacrificed to anything. Well has it been said, "Out of conflict truth is born. And they who from love of truth have taken different sides in those disputes which, above all other interests, seem to

have for a time the power of absorbing men's minds and rousing their passions, do well to carry their thoughts onward to the invisible world, and there behold, as in a glass, the great teachers of past ages, who have anathematized each other in their lives, existing together in the communion of the same Lord."

Finally, let us take from our text this thought and lesson: "Having made peace through the blood of his cross," we read; the way of reconciliation for us, then, — is it not the way of self-denying love?

"O send out thy light and thy truth; let *them* lead me."

XI

CHRISTIAN AGNOSTICISM

For now we see through a glass, darkly; but then face to face: now I know in part; but then shall I know even as also I am known. — I. Cor. xiii. 12.

"Through a glass" — by means of a mirror; "darkly" — literally, in a riddle. (Three centuries and more later than this, St. Augustine tells us that men could not see their own faces, so imperfect, it would seem, were the mirrors of the time. The things that most concern us are the hardest of all to understand, it might appear — except our duty!)

Every age has made this confession. St. Paul, even, had to make it. Mysteries — mysteries! Why is it thus? and thus? The burden of the Book of Job is the wail of all time.

I will speak, this evening, on the chief sources of our ignorance of the "great prob-

lems" of existence, as we rightly call them, and then say something on one chief cure of it.

I name first, then, the limitations of our faculties. It is by no means sure that our bodies are not more or less hindrances in this respect. Certain it is that we fail to perceive the grand inner forces. We see phenomena, and we draw conclusions; that is all. For example, gravitation or life: we see their effects, but not themselves — not "face to face." So there are great moral forces which we cannot perceive. We infer their existence, but their real and their relative power we cannot estimate, for we cannot see *them.*

This is eminently true of *God* — the grand spiritual Force. Job said, "Behold, I go forward, but he is not there; and backward, but I cannot perceive him; on the left hand, where he doth work, but I cannot behold *him:* he hideth himself on the right hand, that I cannot see him." Out of sight — His existence is known, but Himself we cannot discern. We do not know Him "as we are known" by Him. We cannot conceive powers different in kind, — for exam-

ple, creative power, — to say nothing of powers so much greater.

Moreover, our faculties are too limited to determine what infinite "attributes" or qualities will achieve. We know that infinite love is love, though infinite, — nay, more intensely so because infinite; yet who can say what infinite love will do in all cases? Even finite love will punish, as a father his child; and infinite love has punished the guilty. We know not God, then, fully. We do not comprehend, though we apprehend Him.

Consider also other worlds, to which we cannot see and of which we know nothing. Weigh the facts of astronomy; worlds innumerable, peopled, perhaps, a few, if not quite all. That nineteen twentieths of the starlight we enjoy comes from stars invisible to the unaided eye is suggestive in this as in other ways. God's plan for us may embrace other orbs. "There is joy," we are told, "in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth;" we read also, "which things the angels desire to look into." If ignorant because we do not see, how much more we go astray

with a false theory; for example, as expressed in the words, —

> "We for whose sake all Nature stands,
> And stars their courses move."

Add to these considerations the fact of the "two eternities," — behind and before us, which we are not able to survey. The earth's orbit, we are told, will occupy twice twelve thousand years in passing from an ellipse into an (almost) circle, and this may be called the dial plate of time, and of time only, so that if a thousand years be counted an hour on that dial, the very oldest of us has but a few moments on the earth, and especially so for the study of great problems, our chief business being to practice what we know. Is it strange — would it not be strange otherwise — that there are mysteries?

Again, God has not disclosed to us His design, what we may call His plan. Even if our faculties were not limited as they are, yet, unless we were strictly infinite in knowledge, we could not well know the plan of God unless revealed to us. You are, one

of you, an architect. For some few minutes I visit the edifice you are erecting. Vast and intricate as I find it, how can I be otherwise than perplexed if you do not inform me of your design, whether it is of exchange, temple, palace?

And so in this case. We come into existence in the midst of God's ages-long work, spend a few short years, of which we devote little time to its study; even if we know "the general idea," how can we know the plan of God, since He has not divulged it?

In the great war for the Union we were in, was it our generals' strategy to take Richmond, the Confederate capital, or to gain the geographical centre of the nation in Eastern Tennessee and the adjacent region? Unless we knew that, we could not understand their methods. And if confused because we do not know the Divine strategy, how much more when we adopt some wrong notion of it? And yet this has been often done. Mere happiness has been thought to be the object of the plan; and this when innumerable facts contradict it. "Beloved, think it not strange concerning

the fiery trial which is to try you, as though some strange thing happened unto you;" and the inspired writer goes on, "But rejoice inasmuch as ye are partakers of Christ's sufferings;" even the Son of God has suffered. Blessedness rather than happiness; holiness and blessedness, like twin stars. Discipline, education, training is one of the wheels of the chariot which God's sovereign goodness guides.

Once more, consider our position. We are on the earth, with frames thereto adapted. Hence our reasonings have of necessity a certain earthly character. We argue, all of us, more or less from analogy, and naturally we draw our comparisons from the objects around us. Single words, metaphysical words even, have a physical tinge, — for example, apprehend; and when we weave these words into sentences whose object is, consciously or unconsciously, to illustrate the things invisible by the things that are seen, what an earthly cast is thrown over our reasonings!

No doubt we are assisted thereby in some respects, largely and indispensably.

Archbishop Trench has well said: "There is a harmony between the natural and spiritual worlds, so that analogies from the former are something more than illustrations." "The things on earth are copies of the things in heaven." "This entire moral and visible world from first to last, with its kings and its subjects, its parents and its children, its sun and its moon, its sowing and its harvest, its light and its darkness, its sleeping and its waking, its birth and its death, is from beginning to end a mighty parable, a great teaching of supersensuous truth, a help at once to our faith and to our understanding. But," the same gifted writer justly adds, "but at present this natural world has in some measure lost in fitness" for its original work. "This whole constitution of things earthly shares in the shortcoming that cleaves to all which is of the earth. Obnoxious to change, tainted with sin, shut in within brief limits by decay and death, it is often weak and temporary when it has to set forth things strong and eternal."

And yet, as I have said, we reason thus both in our words and in our ideas. "For

now we see through a glass, darkly," — referring to the metal mirrors then used — "for now we see by means of such a mirror, indistinctly." Just so to us, our comparisons are but as mirrors, reflecting the truth, but only reflecting it, — aiding us greatly and often very greatly, but leaving many things in shadow and nearly or quite unseen. And "darkly," — literally in a riddle, which may be either hard or easy. We argue from imperfect analogies; for example, we are neither God's subjects only, nor His children only, and yet we reason as if one or the other were exactly true. We cannot comprehend God's relation to us better than we could the parental if we had not experienced it.

Another fact of our position is that we are under authority. A subject can scarcely be expected to appreciate the laws of his king; he occupies a different relative position, — looking up instead of down. They touch his rights, and impose duties. Hence at least a different importance of this or that, in his view, from what exists in his ruler's. The college student, however candid and well disposed, finds it hard to view

certain rules with their applications just as his professor does, and not merely because he is less wise, but because they require something of him. Wealthy tax-payers are apt to take a different view from those who impose the taxes for, say, sanitary improvements.

Now this is our condition. We are ruled over: both directed to do and directed for. And this makes it harder for us, even supposing our faculties competent to understand God's way, — to see it in its simple excellence with nothing strange, mysterious in it; and extremely difficult unless we are pure of heart.

And this leads me to name as a last reason our imperfections of character.

We have seen that the limitations of our faculties, the fact that God has not disclosed to us His "plan," and our position unite to produce a vast ignorance on our part. It is not at all remarkable, then, that the greatest thinkers, ancient or modern, have left the problems of our existence unsolved. The apostle Paul himself, in the text, speaks with a modesty which may well put to silence some who loudly claim

to be his special disciples. And for most of us the question arises, — May not a certain Christian Agnosticism be our fitting intellectual attitude "until the day break and the shadows flee away"? But now when sin complicates the matter, how very much worse it becomes! For sin blinds the mind; corrupting the affections, it suggests or magnifies or depreciates important considerations, and colors the media through which we gaze. In earthly affairs, some men have color-blindness; and all of us, more or less, towards God.

To see this more plainly, think what sin's opposite, love, would do for us. And I take this line of thought the more readily because our text occurs, you remember, in a hymn (as it has been well called) to holy Love, and especially in order to impress the idea that hereafter not enlarged faculties merely or expanded knowledge or changed position, but purified hearts, also, will help us to know. Love gives insight, for in truth, we see through our sympathies as well as with the understanding. Love to God brings us into sympathy (so to say)

with God. It enables us to see things somewhat as He sees them, — His rights, claims, interests, kingdom, that welfare of His creatures on which His heart is set. Could we feel in measure as the old psalmist did, "Rivers of waters run down mine eyes because men keep not thy law," it would put a different face on many matters. Besides, God is love, and if we have love we shall of course be in accord with Him who orders affairs. Love to men leads us to regard their true interests. It destroys partiality, that frequent fault of the affectionate. It destroys mere fondness. It looks at the highest interests of all. Love will surely save us from some egregious mistakes.

Love is light. Love and Life are light indeed. I shall speak more fully on this in my next sermon; to-day I add but a few words.

I have said that a cause of our ignorance is our position; our position as under obligation, but love to God relieves the painful pressure of obligation; our position on the earth, but love rectifies our parabolic reasonings — gives light and shade,

fixes our attention on things otherwise unnoticed. We correct our bodily vision by a judgment; so love corrects.

I have said that a source of our ignorance is found in the limits of our powers; but love, like genius, kindles its own light. So virtually it expands our powers.

I have said that God has not revealed His design. "But the secret (or the friendship, the intimate friendship) of the Lord is with them that fear him," and friends divine things that strangers do not guess. So may we learn, not by direct revelation, but in part from the fact that love in us is in unison with love in Him; and as it was love in Him that drew the plan of His government, so love in us reads it in part. How much more quickly one interprets a letter when his sentiments and spirit are in sympathy with the writer's!

In like manner I might show that holiness, purity — the other side of love, so to speak — in us will bring us into harmony with that holiness which shapes affairs. And is it not natural evil, suffering, punishment, that shocks us, too commonly, rather than sin? So with truth, too; when

we shall come into complete affiance with Him who is the truth, we shall understand the truth far better.

Love, then, helps at every point, while sin complicates every one — aggravating every perplexity. The mysteries of Providence arise greatly from our selfishness in its various forms of self-will, self-competency, and self-seeking. How greatly we desire knowledge, even sacred knowledge, for our own sakes merely, and not to be either better or more useful! We are not in full sympathy with man or with God — the infinite love, truth, and holiness — who rules the world.

But it need not be so. We are divinely taught that life is light; and our Lord has said, "I am come that they might have life, and might have it abundantly." We must not be even Christian agnostics — unless, indeed, we are very Christian! And so the apostle Paul says in our text itself, "Now I know in part." His sobriety, as I have said, may properly make us diffident. But "we know in part" (verse 9); we know something. Not all that we would exceedingly like to know; not all that may be

extremely important to us hereafter; not all, perhaps, that might be very useful to us here, for who of us has made the most of his opportunities to learn? — to say nothing of our guilty deficiencies in character; yet something, even much. For as Paul reminded the Athenians, ancient poetry, even, affirmed that we are God's "offspring," and Christian prose, through Paul's own lips, has taught us that we are His "beloved children," and has summoned us to "imitate" Him. And as St. John says, "We know that the Son of God is come, and hath given us an understanding that we may know him that is true."

It certainly becomes us to be modest exceedingly. Yet Christianity is Christ rather than Christian thought, and we may all "know him whom we have believed."

XII

"LIFE ABUNDANTLY"

(Before the Sacrament.)

. . . I am come that they might have life, and that they might have it more abundantly. — JOHN X. 10.

THESE words occur in our Lord's allegory of the Good Shepherd. They are a part of a verse. The whole verse is: "The thief cometh not, but for to steal, and to kill, and to destroy: I am come that they might have life, and that they might have it more abundantly." His object is destruction; mine, salvation, — nay, more than mere deliverance, *Life*.

A moment on the word "life." Physically speaking, it has been said that "as soon as we are born we begin to die;" and in natural science one has averred that the best definition of life is "the sum of the forces which resist death," the thought being that the tendency to death — the pressure towards it — is so strong and general that the

wonder is that we live at all and not that we die. These statements are one-sided, yet there is a truth in them; and there is a parallel to that which they affirm, in our moral and spiritual being. So much the more precious are our Saviour's words, — "I am come that they might have life." As to this life of the spirit, I will only say now that it is most essentially love, but includes all the effects of that and everything which is favored by that or naturally goes with it, — like peace and joy.

There is, then, a vigorous religious existence possible for us, Christ's disciples. This is my first suggestion. Now, this thought is most helpful in order that we may look forward hopefully, that is, with true or genuine hope. Changes are coming which we cannot anticipate, or cannot measure in advance. Christ's sheep are to be attacked by new enemies, — "grievous wolves," as Paul called them. Our Lord Himself spoke of false teachers as wolves in sheep's clothing. Such, doubtless, there are to be in the future as in the past; the Church must expect it. But I have in mind now, more especially, changes and dangers, perhaps

grave, to which we are individually exposed. Every one must look for them. How are we to meet them boldly, or at least calmly? Not so much by reasoning as otherwise. There *are* reasons, such as: God has helped me so far, and I may trust that "as my days, so shall my strength be." But there is more in a vigorous life to inspire hope, — there is that which puts force into the reasons themselves.

Then again, a robust Christian life enables us to estimate the present rightly, enables us to appreciate and enjoy it in due degree.

> "Evermore in thy spirit
> Say to thyself it is good, yet there is better than it;
> This that I see is not all, and this that I do is but little,
> Nevertheless it is good, *though* there is better than it."

The present — we do it scant justice. As it is harder to "rejoice with those that rejoice" than to "weep with them that weep," so, it often seems, it is harder to deal fairly with the present than with either the past or the future. Yet for most it means a fair measure of health, means society and friends, and sympathy that we can give as well as receive, and a thousand

things in nature and life, the care of God for us also, the help of Christ, and hope immortal besides, some discipline, in all likelihood, but one that, if we will, "yieldeth peaceable fruit." Yes, a vigorous life in Christ gives a blessing to the present time, for He leads His flock "beside waters of rest." By it the passing days are indeed made more precious; they are illumined, so to speak. Earthly care may be converted into heavenly discipline — is so converted by patience, courage, hope, and faith. And these are things which come by our Lord's help.

Yet again, it is even wonderful how perplexities can be escaped or be solved by a vigorous religious life, and these perplexities are among the chief evils of the present. Of escaping them we do not think enough. "The eagle that flies through the sky is not worried how to cross the rivers." Does he always note them? The great expanse of earth is one to him, and not broken up into hill and dale, stream and sea, as it is to us. Nor the eagle alone. More than we think, perhaps, we already escape perplexity if we are living Chris-

tians. But what if our high purposes were stronger still, and were more simple? Our Lord Jesus must have seen everything in human life, and must have estimated every good thing in it aright. All innocent things that appeal to us He knew, and felt the value of them all. And yet how single His life was! He never vacillated; He was never confused for an instant. This may be ours also in our measure. As I have said, it is not the eagle only that is untroubled by the things below; the dove, too, the carrier pigeon (you remember),—

> "High she shoots through air and light,
> Above all low delay,
> Where nothing earthly bounds her flight,
> Nor shadow dims her way."

"I am come that they might have life." I quoted at the beginning the saying that the moment we are born we begin to die. But in the spiritual realm the moment we are "born from above" we begin to live. True, there is apt to be a certain definite trend to decay. In most of us, no doubt, old and evil habits of thought, sentiment, and feeling persist. But these things need not destroy. Rightly used, they may even

have a conservative value, — the daring spirit, for example, or the hasty temper, — if kept impregnated with life. And life in Christ is mightier than decay and death. As the body, for a long period, may be renewed, we are told, every few years and grow stronger in the process, so the soul can continually gain in vigor, even if compelled to struggle with the downward tendency, until at last it shall come off more than conqueror by taking that captive.

But our Shepherd, you note, said more than life, — more than the power of resisting the evil, and better than that, — "life abundantly." There are good things that go with vigorous living and that react to make it stronger still. "Life abundantly!" There is so much in that phrase and fact! For one thing, where it is it sets one inquiring after what more there may be. Love and life are wonderfully and most beautifully blended in the Scriptures. Love suggests, perhaps, repose; if we love God, we rest in Him. But there is another element there. "Love in the Bible is not so much an action of the soul as it is a quality in the soul. The love of God is a new

nature — a new fibre, a new fineness and responsiveness in the soul itself," said Phillips Brooks. If love is repose, life is responsiveness. It is sensitivity to happy influences from without. Our life is not by love only — not directly, at least. We live by admiration and by hope also; reverence is a grand motive power in true living, and preëminently so is a quick sense of duty. Life is the atmosphere in which love thrives, in which love lives. Life and love — let them intertwine and blend in our souls.

Life, love, and light are words and conceptions that go together in Scripture. We are taught in the Old Testament to sing, "With thee is the fountain of life; in thy light shall we see light." And again, "Light is sown for the righteous (What a marvelously fine conception, — a harvest of light!), and gladness for the upright in heart." And although in this case light and gladness are, perhaps, mainly the same, the joy here is one that springs from the solution of mysteries and the revelation of God's good providence for His people. In

the New Testament we read that in Christ "was life, and the life was the light of men."

I said last Sunday night that little as we now know because "we see through a glass" or as "by a mirror," we are not entirely agnostics, though Christian ones, and I urged that love is a revealer. In this life itself, where it is so imperfect, we know something, — "we know in part." And in the world to come it will not be the change of conditions only or chiefly that will enable us to "know even as we are known," but especially love and life, love and life in their heavenly fullness, inhabiting our souls. If in any sense nearer to the Lord in position than we are now, it will yet eminently be because our vision shall be clarified by these that "we shall see him as he is."

Even in this present life, then, we may find a larger *real* knowledge — a knowledge, that is, which gives us what knowledge is mainly of value for — by means of the very clouds which seem to hinder us from seeing. At length we may recognize that our darkness is from excess of light!

Till then let us be preparing for the supreme joy by that loving activity in duty and service which is so clearly the effect of a living love.

"I am come that they might have life abundantly." I will not say that I sometimes think that many are in danger of emphasizing love, not too much, yet disproportionately. I do not say that, for love and life are most vitally connected; life is love and whatever other excellent things there are that go with it, — loyalty to truth, for instance. But it is very needful for us to emphasize the word "abundant" duly. As we have already seen of a vigorous life generally, it more than saves us from evil to possess an abundantly vigorous one, for it enables us to assimilate healthfully some otherwise noxious things, — a thought full of cheer and strength. Indeed, the world with its complexities — dangerous, many of them — is made for life to occupy, the world of affairs and the world of men. There is a singularly beautiful adjustment between the objects around us and life righteous and robustly so. We misinter-

pret *them* because we overlook *this*. We wrongly judge earth's experiences, trials, temptations even, when we forget the adjustment, — much as we might misconceive this physical world if we knew nothing of its atmosphere. A great naturalist has been misunderstood, he tells us, in a remark of his about the eye, because he spoke of its imperfections by itself simply; for its object, he says, it is truly admirable. So this is a world which is made to live in —made for life and abundant life. And our Lord Christ has seen what we need, and has come, He assures us, to give it.

We are in the presence of the tokens of a life sacrificed. Let me say, then, that the abundant gift which He who sacrificed it bestows can fit us to meet death — the solemn end of our existence here, to which at first thought life appears directly opposed. Horrible, even, that may seem in itself, but may we not come to think that, if we might, we would not escape the common fate?

In the spirit of the gentle soul who wrote, —

"I ask not that for me the plan
Of good or ill be set aside,
But that the *common* lot of man
Be nobly borne and glorified,"

quietly, even shrinkingly, may we not feel that we would go like our fellow-men. "Let me die with my people," we may say,— "with my brethren, with the great Human Family of which I am a single part!" We may do so the more readily because the Giver of life abundantly has done so; He has identified Himself with our race and accepted dying, and so we also, putting our hand in His, will bow our heads peacefully to the last enemy — and great friend. Does not this communion service suggest that? "Forasmuch then as the children are partakers of flesh and blood, He also — Jesus — Himself took part of the same, that through death He might deliver them who through fear of death were all their lifetime subject to bondage."

Only one thing more, my friends; the abundant life is for all. Not the world's gifted only, but the lowliest can enjoy it; many, many have found it so, God be praised! But for it everything, when neces-

sary, must be sacrificed. "The kingdom of heaven," said our Saviour (you remember), "is like a merchantman seeking goodly pearls, who, when he had found one pearl of great price, went and sold all that he had and bought it." So must it be with us. Is it not impossible, otherwise, from the nature of the case?

In some real sense the sheep gives itself to the shepherd; and we must surrender ourselves to the Shepherd of our souls. And so we find life here below, and life consummate and eternal in the world to come.

And this is what we want. Hope that aspires to our Father, God — let us be glad if we have it; faith that rests in Him — let us be grateful for that; love that binds us to Him and to His children also — it is an unspeakable blessing. Yet a living hope, a living faith, a living love, — this, dear friends, is what we indeed need, and it is our transcendent need!

XIII

LOYALTY TO LAW

Who have said, With our tongue will we prevail; our lips are our own; who is lord over us? — PSALMS xii. 4.

WITH or without some bitter experience of his own, David deplores the prevalence of arrogant self-assertion. "Who is lord over us?" "We recognize no authority. We can and will do as we choose." This temper is not manifested in words only; it often exists among the most taciturn.

My subject this evening is Loyalty to Law, especially as a trait of character. It includes God's law emphatically. I have lately read of one who was a private soldier in our Union army during the great war. He says: "I never had such rest of mind as while I was in the army. The sergeant settled everything for me. Every morning he gave me my orders: 'Guard to-day;' 'Fatigue to-day;' 'Policing to-day;' 'Inspection to-day;' 'Picket to-day;' 'March-

ing to-day.' That was enough. All that I had to do was to obey orders. But now I 'm worrying all the time whether I ought to do this or that. I wish I had somebody to tell me my duty plainly." This indicates an extreme state of feeling, yet may serve, for that reason, all the better for an illustration. But the spirit which I wish to urge is a quite different one. It is loyalty to law, and not subjugation by a fellow being; or I might say that it is subjection to law, and not subjugation by it. It is as much opposed as that other to willfulness. But it is different; it is what we may call the characteristic American spirit, that is, the fitting one for the inhabitant of a free country like ours,— loyalty to law instead of rulers. It is not inconsistent, of course, with deference and obedience to those who are rightfully over us. But the prominent idea in it is law, and the authority of that. No matter whether it be God's law directly or man's, because, in so far as it is righteous human law, it is really God's also; having been made by those whose office it was to make it, and not being opposed to His holy will, it has the authority of a law

of His. But the great principle is the authority of law.

We are, many of us, familiar with that grand sentence of Hooker's: "Of Law, there can be no less acknowledged than that her seat is the bosom of God, her voice the harmony of the world; all things in heaven and earth do her homage, the very least as feeling her care, and the greatest as not exempted from her power; both angels and men and creatures of what condition soever, though each in different sort and manner, yet all, with uniform consent, admiring her as the mother of their peace and joy." It is allegiance to this — it is the spirit and habit of loyalty to law — which I wish to urge this evening, especially as opposed to that willful temper which says, or feels, "Who is lord over me?"

And the first reason I adduce for it is that it is *right.* "Children," says the Apostle Paul, "obey your parents in the Lord, for this is right." And so of the general spirit and habit of obedience to law, I affirm that it is right. For we were made to live under law. No created being is exempt from this. Indeed, the fact of law of some

sort is stamped on all things. It is even a commonplace that the glacier and the humble flower by its side, the mountains and every grain of sand, the seas and each drop of water testify to it. What are scientific men doing but proving that? They are like a company of miners, working from one end of a tunnel to meet another company (in this case the theologians) working from the other.

Our bodies, too (need I add?), bear constant witness to it. And although a law of nature is one thing, and a law of morals quite another, we soon find that they are nearer together than we had thought, for we learn that there are natural laws which are violated at so much peril that we infer either insanity or depravity in those who are guilty of the violation. Men have no right to do thus or thus, we say in such cases; and in some, the State is bound to interfere or to punish.

We observe, too, in the obviously moral sphere, that each of us has a law within him. None of us would be completely made without it; he would be as really imperfect as if he were created without a

will or without feeling. Nor can we conceive society without law. However rude or primitive its state, on certain points there are statutes, formal or informal, but well understood. "Thou must," and "Thou must not" are prescribed for this and that action. Otherwise society would be intolerable.

The fact is, we were made to live under a vast system of law, — personal, domestic, social, civil, political, international, as well as distinctly religious. The will of God and the claims of righteousness as therein expressed are indicated by it. It is in obedience to law, very eminently, that we do right.

But now let us consider the value of this obedience, this loyalty, to *character*.

It gives, for example, strength to character. For it brings one into conscious harmony with infinite things and the Infinite One. Individuals are weak; we are of yesterday and are surrounded by objects far older than ourselves; we are in the midst of mighty currents of human life and history; we have traitors in our own hearts. But law! It is from everlasting; it is

potent in everything; its seal is on our own natures. Surrendering ourselves to it, we gain something of its strength. Its venerableness, power, ubiquity give vigor to its humble but devoted friends and subjects. A character intelligently faithful to law is a strong character.

And it is a symmetrical character. For righteous law is impartial. Its ways are eminently "just and equal." It has no favorites. Laying its claims, then, on every part of our being, loyalty to it develops every part. The conscience, the affections, all find some precepts or statutes, divine or human, requiring allegiance. So symmetry is produced.

Such a character, too, will be serene. The laws are serene. The laws of nature, whatever their occasional manifestations of another kind, are how reposeful! So are all laws which are really such, being reflections of the Divine mind. The human character, then, which is conformed to them, will grow into likeness to them in this. The vibrations and tempests and tossings of willfulness will die away. Composure will come instead.

Very many of you will recall a noteworthy illustration of this in the Athenian sage, Socrates, who refused the entreaties of his friends that he should escape from the death to which the judges had condemned him, an innocent man; he seemed, he said, to see and hear the laws of his country, imperfect as they were, expostulating with him and bidding him to remain and die. And obeying them, while his friends lamented, he was serene. Yet the laws of man have the marks of human weakness upon them; but the laws of God are excellent indeed.

Strength, symmetry, serenity, then, are marks of a character of which loyalty to law is a marked trait. Let me name also, as the poet-philosopher of our land did in his essay on Immortality, mental soundness and healthfulness. Health of mind, he even says, "consists in the perception of law. Its dignity consists in being under law. Nothing seems to me so excellent as a belief in the laws. It communicates nobleness." A willful mind is, more or less, an unsound one. It is unbalanced and capricious. So far as willfulness con-

trols it, it has unhappy elements in it, which will yet show themselves.

It would be easy for me to find illustration and proof of what I have said, in familiar persons. Washington's is a conspicuous case. And we have but to recall contemporaries of his, military and civil (Hamilton, for example), some of them brilliant and appealing more powerfully to our imagination than he, who, failing in this quality, fail also of our reverence.

But it may be said that a character marked by the trait I am urging is seldom an attractive one. "We love characters in proportion as they are impulsive and spontaneous." But very much depends on *what* is shown by the impulsiveness and spontaneity. It is not willfulness itself whose manifestations are long engaging. In a little child, indeed, and combined with that first unfolding of individuality which is so interesting, we may not be dissatisfied for a while, but as the years pass we are, and greatly so. The spontaneity of a character under law is very pleasing to us.

But can there be such a thing? Most certainly. It is not the control of rules, mere

rules, which we are considering, however good that may be in its place ; it is not subjugation by laws ; it is not even subjection to laws, superficially considered, to something purely external ; that may make a character quite estimable, yet quite unattractive. But it is the *principle* of loyalty to law, especially if enriched by a filial temper towards the infinite source of law, — it is, I say, the principle of loyalty to law enthroned in the spirit, and manifesting itself spontaneously, often impulsively even, as occasion prompts. Such a principle will even violate rule, nay, law itself, if a higher law demands. Where that principle prevails, and in proportion as it prevails, one passes from under the mere "dominion" of law, and so, in a sense, "he is free from the law so far as he is free from the evil which the law restrains," for he keeps even pace with the law, so to speak, moving as it moves. If he slackens his gait, if (that is) the principle is weak — more or less — then it reminds him of its presence and calls for his obedience, — most happily for him. But the thing to be ever aimed at is the enthronement of loyalty to law in the soul. One of whom

this is true can afford to be spontaneous, as a willful person cannot. He can afford to speak freely and act naturally and think boldly.

This trait of character is to be cultivated, then, because it is right, and because it is of indispensable value to character, giving it strength, symmetry, serenity, soundness, and even favoring spontaneity. But, once more, let us consider its service to the public welfare.

Imagine the benefit of a general loyalty to law. First, the distinctly divine laws are honored and obeyed; the authority of righteousness, truth, and love is recognized heartily. Then those other laws of His, which we distinguish as "the moral," — the great precepts which are so plainly written in the constitution of our physical being, in human life and history, — are observed, and temperance, moderation, and reasonableness are practiced. Next, the laws of our country are obeyed. In fine, — to name no more, — those great statutes which underlie these in very great degree, economic and social laws, receive due re-

gard. How different the world from what it is now! Virtue, and happiness as well, would everywhere prevail. Then, indeed, might the desire of ancient time be realized, — "that there be no breaking in, nor going out" to invade others' rights; that there be "no outcry in our streets." It is the violation of law mainly which renders the world sorrowful; it is because its inhabitants so generally persist in going against known laws, the laws of nature, life, society, and God.

In the last place, I urge the trait in question because it fits one to control others. Nearly every college man, sooner or later, comes into some position of rule over others. And he is incompetent to such a position unless he has the habit of subjection to law. If he is willful, he cannot rightly control his fellows. He is without an essential quality for that. They know not what to expect — unless it be injustice. The parent whose will is not conformed to law, whose authority does not represent righteousness, is fatally defective. Allegiance to law must be the characteristic, and the obvious characteristic, of one who rules. For an

atmosphere of liberty is essential. You may secure a more perfect machine by repression, but you cannot have living beings — children, youth, men — without freedom, and the ruled must be encouraged to think, choose, and act, freely.

The subject which has occupied us tonight has many important applications. It is of special moment in a country like ours. "Who is Lord over us?" is a sentence expressive of a very frequent thought and feeling. "What are you going to do about it?" was the defiant reply of a notorious public robber to citizens who remonstrated with him; and this spirit of defiance he maintained until they did something very effective about it. Again, every citizen among us, even the humblest, is in his degree a ruler, controlling the conduct and also the happiness of others. We need, then, in this country eminently, a spirit of obedience to law. We can have it, as has been proved. The best men in Europe, such as the excellent German, Tholuck, doubted before the great war whether there could be such a thing as "loyalty" in this land without a king. They were satis-

fied there could be when in 1861 the people rose up in a devotion to Fatherland — inscribing upon their banners, "The Union, the Constitution, and the Laws" — which not even the Kaiser can evoke to-day. Oh, glorious era in the history of mankind, when Liberty and Law at last spoke with a common voice, — when the patriot needed not to resist authority, and the champion of authority needed not to slight freedom, but every blow for the one was an equal blow for the other! The head of the nation stood before the world the representative of both; Lincoln's heart and Grant's right arm maintained both; and humanity all over the earth recognized the grand fact.

Educated men need the spirit I am urging, for to them the less favored have a right to look for an example. Educated men need it as those who so often obtain an unusual position of rule; that their rule may be beneficent, they need to be subject themselves, clearly and heartily, to law. Without it, as thinkers even, they are liable to fail. They may easily be partisans. How many men decide no question without some bias! Some other consideration

than appertains to it has concealed or unconscious influence upon their decision. They are not wont to ask for the impartial authority of the laws, — the laws of God and man. They may plead the sacred name of "Conscience," indeed, but they confound it with will or passion.

Even God, who might be thought outside of law, but, as Hooker puts it better, in "whose bosom Law has her seat," — when He sent His Son into the world to redeem it, had Him, as we are told, "born under the law," — not only "born of a woman," and coming thus under all the conditions of the common humanity in general, but born specifically under the Jewish law, temporary as that was. And when Christ came He said, "Think not that I am come to destroy the law or the prophets; I am not come to destroy but to fulfil." And again, in the midst of its perverting and wicked interpreters, He said, "The Scribes and the Pharisees sit in Moses' seat. All therefore whatsoever they bid you observe, that observe and do, but do not ye after their works."

"Under law to Christ," — here is the re-

conciliation of the respective claims of law and freedom, of order and spontaneity, of authority and love.

And so every theme leads us to Him; every topic rightly considered draws us to One who is both Lord and Saviour.

XIV

HOPE

The bringing in of a better hope, by the which we draw nigh unto God. — Heb. vii. 19.

In the previous chapter the writer — whoever he may have been, Paul or some other — had spoken of Christian hope as "an anchor of the soul." Now he says (I quote from the revision), "There is a disannulling of a foregoing commandment" (that is, the Jewish law about the priesthood) "because of its weakness and unprofitableness; and a bringing in thereupon of a better hope, through which we draw nigh unto God." Of this better hope I wish to speak this morning. But in preparation for it, let us first, for a few moments, consider the general subject of hopefulness.

Practically all persons agree that a hopeful temper is one of the chief endowments that man can enjoy. For, there is a bright view of affairs and prospects which under ordinary circumstances is more reasonable

than a dark view, — which, then, is more often right than the other, and which, besides, gives much happiness both to oneself and to other people. Of course there is an extreme in this as in many things; but a more moderate disposition sees affairs more nearly as they are in this world of ours than does a sombre temperament. That a hopeful spirit gives courage and strength is familiar enough, but we may not note that it tends to realize its own cheerful expectations. It detects possibilities which escape the sight of the opposite quality; it sees points at which unpromising occurrences can be made fruitful of good, or at least harmless; and of these opportunities it avails itself. Hope has eyes, as well as her sisters faith and charity, and God has so made the world that it is adapted to, and, for its best use, needs those eyes, even as the material universe is related to our bodily vision: a very important fact. He has so ordered things, I say,— He so conceals as well as reveals, — that hopefulness is necessary to dealing rightly with them. The man without it, or without a certain liberal measure of it, is incomplete; he is not the

wise man, or even the prudent man he is often fancied to be; he does not "see things as they are," although such an one often prides himself on so doing. He may see some things which the hopeful man fails to recognize; but he exaggerates them or sees them out of their true relations, — "out of focus," — while others quite as real he overlooks.

The view of the despondent man may sometimes be, in one sense, the right view for him: he failed, say, in an enterprise, and he expected to fail; but his neighbor saw things as they truly were, as God meant them to be seen, he looked for success, and he succeeded. Even in days really dark he did not drag his boat ashore and put up his oars, but still floated expectantly upon the waters and realized the implied promise, "It is good that a man should both hope and quietly wait for the salvation of the Lord." Such, then, very briefly stated, are some of the blessings of hope. It has been called by one and another, "the dream of waking man," but the philosopher Hume has more wisely said, "A propensity to hope and joy is real

riches; while one to fear and sorrow is real poverty."

Now how does the Gospel treat this priceless quality of hope? Does it ignore it? Does it depreciate it? Or does it, while recognizing it or commending it, give us really something else, without the priceless advantages of what we mean by "hope"?

Jesus Himself says little of it directly, so far as the record goes, although He implies it plainly. He was preaching in the synagogues, and wherever He spoke it was invariably to people who had the incessant drill of the Old Testament with its constant insistence upon hope: "Why art thou cast down, O my soul? Hope thou in God;" "Let thy mercy, O Lord, be upon us according as we hope in thee." But as soon as the Gospel was carried into the world without, it joined that — I speak of the nobler, "better hope," of course — with faith and charity, or love: "And now abideth faith, hope, love — these three." Christianity, then, puts it among fundamentals; along with the flint and granite

it puts this mere limestone — this chalk, as some deem it! — an original conception, truly, and most noble. In the Gospel hope is not merely not overlooked as an inferior principle or sentiment; it is not simply recognized as a powerful spring of action; it is set, I repeat, by the side of faith and love. For it is kindred to them, it shares their life, and they, in their turn, draw strength from it. It can be distinguished from faith, but can hardly be separated from it. Recall, too, that other passage which speaks of "the patience of hope" in the same breath with "the work or labor of faith and love."

Note again, that hope as shown in the Bible connects man with God. "Hope thou in God," is the word; "My expectation is from Him" is the response we are taught to make. In the Scriptures hope is a confidence not merely in the issue of events, but, still more, in Him who is above and in them, orders them, and accomplishes by them His blessed designs. Earthly hope is so often "the dream of waking man" because it neglects God, rests on things below Him, leaves Him out

of view. It expects results from events whose working no finite mind can calculate. In truth (a remarkable fact), hope that is merely earth-born often leaves out of sight elements which true hope discerns; and thus, ceasing to deserve the precious name of hope, it is disappointed, while that which rightly wears the name is gratified. In other words, worldly hope is neither sister nor daughter to true faith, and so it forgets God; and because it forgets God, either it is not confident enough, or it cherishes unwarranted expectations.

Then again, genuine hope is, measurably, unselfish. "Love marks the difference between genuine and false hope," says a choice thinker with very much truth. Faith, hope, and charity — love — stand together. And the reason why very many hopes are deceitful is that they have as little to do with love, disinterestedness, benevolence, as with faith or God. They are selfish desires and anticipations, and He who guides the world does not do it in the interests of selfishness or of any self-centred being. He rules in love, and that hope only is trustworthy which practically remembers the fact. Any

other may enjoy, nay, help secure its fulfillment, but must very commonly put up with disappointment.

Need I more than hint that true hope, hope as the Gospel conceives and presents it, takes immortality into view? And what a difference between the saying, worthy as it is, "While there is life, there is hope," and that other, "When mortal life ends, then hope's best fulfillment begins"!

So does Scripture deal with hope. It describes it, when genuine, as resting supremely on God, as allied with benevolence, as fully realized in the eternal life. Nay, more, that on which I cannot linger just now but must not altogether omit, it describes it as fostered by disappointment and disaster; that which wounds, enfeebles, perhaps destroys ordinary hope, gives to it greater vigor.

How different, then, this genuine hope from that which commonly goes by the name! As different as true charity from mere good-nature. The Gospel takes common hope and does with it as the skillful gardener deals with a wild fruit or flower when he trains it into something more

beautiful, fragrant, useful. How different it becomes, a simple fact may show. Hope is generally deemed to be the especial prerogative of youth, but the "better hope" commonly blooms brightest in later years, for there is a hope of which youth knows almost nothing. It is one that has grown with the deepening consciousness of a God who rules the world in boundless wisdom and love, having a personal care for each of His creatures and causing all things to work together for good to His loving children. It is one that grows with experience. It is one that grows with our increasing estimation of reality above appearance, of righteousness above success, of the immortal spirit above self-seeking, of the common welfare above our own gratification. In earlier years it grew under the shadow, so to speak, of these principles, and was hidden in a degree; in later, it blooms and bears fruit. And as merely earthly hopes decline, it draws their vigor into it, like a plant whose neighbors die and leave it to drink in the full nutriment of both sun and soil. It is this life's reward of trust in God, fidelity, and disinterestedness.

But must we, then, despise what I have called earthly hope? By no means. We should strengthen it. We should also ennoble it. We are to purify it from selfishness, to elevate its view to God, and to extend its vision toward immortality. Still it is to be hope; nay, more hopeful than before, for, as already indicated, true hope often sees encouragements which worldly hope overlooks. It often hears tones, so to speak, in the Father's voice, which assure it that His refusals, stern as they seem, are the refusals of a friend, and not of an enemy or a stranger.

I wish, then, to recommend, yes, to urge this — I do not say worldly, but earthly hope as transformed by faith, love, and experience. In other words, I wish to urge a hope for and in this life, as well as the future life. There comes a time in almost every one's course when things look dark to him, and when in one aspect they are dark. Bereavement, ill health, a sudden turn of the road, — one thing or another, may be the cause. In such a case a merely earthly hope may wither (for a while at least) like a plant in a scorching sun. At

such a time let us remember that there is, as our text says, a "better hope;" if the former is "disannulled, there is a bringing in thereupon of a better." A new stalk may grow out of the old.

I urge such thoughts because I am persuaded that most people cherish hope too little. They neither have the cheer nor do the work which is possible to them. They live on too low a scale. A few years of youthful dreams, and they smile at what they deem their early folly, and preserve only that degree of hope which is all but unavoidable to humanity. But better, will say the truly wise man, — better some early dreams than none. And quickly and steadily let the young buds be ripened into something more excellent, something on which the heart can feed, by surrounding the tree on which they grow with faith and charity. Let us train ourselves to a hope which trusts in God and serves our fellow-men. We shall then have that which is strong indeed, strong as a staff to lean on, strong to work with, and, when such is our need, strong as the anchor which holds the ship through the storm.

But how, more specifically, shall hopefulness be gained? is a question entitled to reply. It is so much a matter of temperament, it may be said, that it is vain to expect men to have it. But not so. All have it, more or less. And it can be developed by bringing before the mind those considerations which are fitted to encourage it, — and every situation has such, — and by keeping out of mind discontent, moodiness, and the like. A thankful spirit will help hope. As we review past mercies, hope grows as naturally as a plant in the sunshine, — grows as a matter of course. David said rightly, "The Lord that delivered me out of the paw of the lion, and out of the paw of the bear, he will deliver me out of the hand of this Philistine." The habit of enjoying good things as they come, daily blessings, innocent pleasures, however small, that are continually presenting themselves, helps hope. Men suffer themselves to lose their interest in these; in their fancied wisdom they allow nothing but "important" things to occupy them, and so they become moody and hope wilts and withers.

And once more I come to the point of unselfishness. The disappointment of selfish hopes, or of those which while not grossly so are yet really so because leaving our fellow creatures or our Maker out of view, — this disappointment at length injures hopefulness itself. Men sink, against nature — note it! — against nature, to the level of a feeble hope because so many of their hopes are unrealized, and this has been because so many of them were unreasonable, and *this* has been because so many of them have been really selfish. No reference has been had to the Father of their spirits, their sympathizing Friend, and but little to the welfare of any but a handful of His children who are directly connected with themselves. They would "grasp in all the shore." Such hopes, then, fail, as they ought to fail; and at last the fit penalty is paid. But let us avoid this — this sin against Nature (I repeat it); let us remember our Father God and our brother men, — in their case, let us live and let live, and then our many reasonable and realized anticipations will make us increasingly hopeful as we go on.

Or, should we be called to encounter some, and even severe, disappointments, as doubtless we shall be, for at best we are finite, we shall find that "tribulation worketh patience, and patience, experience, and experience, hope," — a strange pedigree for hope, yet often proved a real one. Faith, in such a case, adopts the orphaned Hope and rears it, and Experience is in Faith's service.

This subject, then, leads us where every great subject leads us when carefully examined, — to God and His salvation. The Lord Christ, He it is who has converted hope into something profoundly real, who has made it *more* hopeful, and has also made it strong, enduring, and growing. He is the Good Samaritan that has found Hope in so many a case stripped, wounded, and half dead. The frequent theme of the poet, even poetry has sometimes joined in the assault upon it, as when one calls it "the assassin of our joy," and says that it "turns us o'er to death alone for ease."

> "Hope, eager hope, th' assassin of our joy,
> All present blessings treading under foot,

> Is scarce a milder tyrant than despair;
> With no past toils content, still planning new,
> Hope turns us o'er to death alone for ease."

And these words express the unconfessed sentiment of many, the sentiment which many in middle life and old age would be reluctant to avow, but which (so far as they think on the matter at all) they really hold or are half ready to adopt. It is Christ who has rescued this, as He has other things, from its sad case, and made it more glorious than it had ever claimed to be. If He checks the extravagances it easily assumes even in its recovery, He gives it a vigor and a reach before unknown.

Be not His disciple, and all that we can say on higher themes is, after a point soon reached, mere sentiment. Separate hope from Him and it is but as the butterfly, or a day's ephemera, beautiful for a time, yet soon disappointing. But connect it with Him, and it is a strong angel, his wings (it may be) often folded, and he walking soberly by our side, but at last, as this world fades from sight, fully revealed and bearing us upward and onward forever.

XV

DUTY

So likewise ye, when ye shall have done all those things which are commanded you, say, We are unprofitable servants: we have done that which was our duty to do. — LUKE xvii. 10.

"WE are unprofitable servants." It is one illustration of the amount of thought which, first and last, has been given to every saying of our Lord's — each grain of corn having been picked over, as it were — that some have found in this confession a mark of a quite imperfect state of character. That is, they tell us, we ought not to feel as servants but as friends of Jesus Christ, for He himself has said, "Henceforth I call you not servants, — but I have called you friends." Is it likely, say they, that He who thus spoke on another, though later, occasion would here bring forward in so strong a light the service rendered Him as one merely servile? And again, they urge another passage in this same Gospel of Luke, "Blessed are those servants

whom the Lord when he cometh shall find watching; verily, I say unto you, that he shall gird himself, and make them sit down to meat, and will come forth and serve them." For a Christian to feel that he is a servant, they argue, is to have the defective spirit of the elder brother of the Prodigal Son, who said to his father (you remember), "Lo, these many years do I serve thee, neither transgressed I at any time thy commandment."

Even though we regard this interpretation as mistaken, some of its illustrations, historical and otherwise, are interesting and instructive. We find, for instance, that very great if not always safe church father, Origen, saying, "As long as one does only what he ought, that is, those things which are prescribed, he is an useless servant," and he refers to this passage; "but," he says, "if you add something to the prescribed things, then you will not be an useless servant, but it shall be said to thee, 'Well done, good and faithful servant,'"—in which Scripture, however, we note that the disciple is called a "servant," although a faithful one. Here, in Origen's words, we

see the very beginning of the Roman doctrine of works of supererogation, though he thought not of such a thing, and that doctrine was not developed for many a century afterward. The heathen Seneca, too, treats the question whether a slave can confer a favor on his master, and answers, "When his conduct passes into the feeling of friendship, it ceases to be called a service; whatever exceeds the rule of servile duty and is rendered not from command but of free will, is a favor." This suggests that slavery with its usages very likely led Origen and others to their interpretation.

But it appears on examination that our Lord called His disciples, — even His apostles, — servants at about the same time that He styled them friends. "If any man serve me, let him follow me; and where I am, there shall also my servant be," He said on the last public occasion recorded by St. John, and in the very same conversation in which He said, "Henceforth I call you not servants but friends;" and at a later point in it (five verses later in the same chapter, the fifteenth), He goes as near to calling them servants as this: "Remember the

word that I said unto you, The servant is not greater than his Lord." And even after the day of Pentecost, with all its revelations of their favored position, we find them praying, "And now, Lord, grant unto thy servants that with all boldness they may speak thy word."

The truth is that the emphasis is on the word "unprofitable" in our text, and not at all on the word "servants," and that it describes the way in which we should regard ourselves, that is, as having only done our duty when we have done our utmost, while some other passages tell how our Lord will graciously treat us. Paul puts the two things together when he says: "But now, being servants to God, ye have your fruit unto holiness and the end everlasting life. For the wages of sin" — that which it earns and deserves — "is death, but the gift of God" — "the gift of God" to his faithful "servants" — "is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord." We are both servants and friends, as we are also both servants and children, and we should deem ourselves so; but in any capacity or relation, we should feel that at our best

we have only done our duty, — that we have conferred no favor on our Lord: in a word that we are unprofitable, — not negligent or harmful, but unprofitable. We may have the spirit of friends or children to the full, and do all that such a spirit prompts, but then we have done only "that which was our duty to do." It is not said in our text or its context that God will treat us as servants; we must not make the parable "run on all fours." It teaches but one lesson, and that concerns the way in which we are to regard ourselves, whether as servants or friends or children; that is, as doing nothing that *earns* the grace of God.

But now let us mark that if the text teaches humility it enjoins also the great lesson and fact of duty. I have spoken here at times of duty as privilege. I wish to speak this morning of duty done because it is duty; because we ought to do it; because Infinite Righteousness and Impersonate Righteousness — that is, God — alike command it. No matter whether we feel it to be privilege or not, no matter

whether we fail even to perceive it to be privilege, it is duty, and therefore it is to be done. The importance of this subject none can overestimate. I will first speak of it directly, and then contrast a sense of duty with certain other motives to action.

Let us note more carefully what has just been affirmed. Duty has its claims as such — because it is duty. Once determine in any given case what we ought to do, and that should be enough for us. If, indeed, we can perceive and if we can feel it to be privilege, it is well, it is often helpful to our weakness; though very often (be it observed) we shall neither feel nor perceive it to be privilege if we have not first some sense of its obligation. — Duty is the claim or law of right — which is an ultimate fact, except, indeed, as we lodge it in the very nature of God. Nothing, therefore, can be more authoritative, and nothing should have more power. The particular thing which we ought to do at any moment, might not be obligatory at another moment, or in other circumstances, or on the part of another — say younger — person; but this cannot disturb its sacred claim. It is then

duty, we are living then, — our previous moments are over, our succeeding existence has not yet arrived; then and there is our personality, and the whole majesty and authority and sacredness of righteousness confronts us. Duty, too, is the expression of the sublimest thing in us, — conscience. We are "wonderfully and even fearfully made;" the understanding and imagination, the sensitive nature and the will are, each and every one, objects of amazement to the thoughtful. But conscience has a place of its own. It is the shrine of our being, the very holy of holies. Duty is the utterance of this sacred oracle. In its presence the father of modern philosophy, Immanuel Kant, bowed his head and worshiped. "Two things," said he, "fill the spirit with always new and increasing wonder and reverence the more frequently and persistently meditation occupies itself with them: the starry heaven above me, and the moral law within me." And this conscience is the representative of Jehovah, the All-Perfect Righteousness. When it speaks, either to bid us be and do what we deem binding upon us, or, being correctly informed, to

tell us what that binding thing is, it is His word we hear, for the voice is the echo of His voice.

How momentous, then, is a sense of duty! If it does not rule us and habitually rule us, we are thoroughly disordered, — as much so as our world would be if the law of gravitation should be suspended even for an instant.

We note, in the next place, how elevating and ennobling it must be — and is — to live under its power. It gives a new dignity to life, lifting us above the brutes, whom in our physical nature we more or less resemble. Our intellectual nature, indeed, might well avouch our vast distinction from them. But practically it will be found in very great degree that it does not, where conscience is not vigorous, — even if that same intellect is not employed to prove us one with the brute creation! A sense of duty, on the other hand, gives elevation to life. It ennobles what would otherwise be often trifling and petty. It turns us, as one has said on another topic, from aimless schoolboys, attracted by each butterfly, into pilgrims on the highroad to Immortality. "I

must, because I ought." Well, as we live here below, the body greatly affects us and outward circumstances affect us greatly too, but with this rule of life, we have the signature of Divinity upon us, we bear the image and superscription of the Infinite Cæsar, we are clearly of His lineage therefore, and we look for and we are journeying toward a land where the body and all our environment shall be themselves redeemed and "delivered from the bondage of corruption into the glorious liberty of the children of God." "Man that is in honor and understandeth not, is like the beasts that perish;" but it need not be so, for we may understand. We may understand that we are "made but a little lower than the angels," that neither animal appetite nor worldly desire is to be supreme, that we are not to yield to temptation even when the forbidden fruit seems not only "good for food" and "pleasant to the eyes," but "to be desired to make one wise," that we are to walk ever in the path of duty and obey God. Then will life be ennobled indeed.

Still more, and, in a very common use of the word, yet more "practical," observe the

value of a sense of duty as a safeguard from evil. We move amidst snares and pitfalls; the world is full of them. But "he that walketh uprightly, walketh surely." No man will fall who lives in the sunlight of duty. I know that that which men call "duty" is sometimes but its image, that it is a cold thing, — a system or law, and not God, the living God, the author of law; I know that that which men call "duty" is sometimes but a magnifying of self, an exaggeration of one's own private conscience — as if the shrine, because it is the holy of holies, did not need the manifested glory of God dwelling in it. And so in either case — and both cases are commonly the same — such a sense of duty cannot be depended on. No, it is not enough to have the breastplate of righteousness only; we need the shield of faith over it, and the helmet of hope, too; in a word, "the whole armor of God." To live "as ever in his great *Taskmaster's* eye," as Milton has it — oh, this is not enough — no minister of truth can admit it to be enough; it is "the Lord God" who is "a sun" as well as "a shield." And yet even a cold sense

of duty is often a strong buckler against dishonesty and dishonor and unfaithfulness in little things as well as great. It will save one at critical moments — moments on which the whole of one's after-life is hinging, on which hang most precious interests of our fellow men. "I must not, because I ought not!' No, I must not, because I ought not," — this is an indispensable defense against moral evil, as "I must, because I ought" is an indispensable impulse and help to righteousness. This, though it is not just the armor prescribed in the Scripture, will often protect a man better than the shield of faith, even, if he has not the breastplate behind that.

This leads us, now, to the contrast between a sense of duty and other motives to action.

Consider the love of praise as one such. The praise of the good and wise is certainly helpful, but as a chief motive to conduct, it as certainly brings a snare; for not far away from the desire of praise is the fear of dispraise, reproach, censure. Under that influence a man becomes a very coward,

and then he will do strange things, and wicked things. Nor is the case greatly altered when it is even good men's favor that one lives for. They change; they are affected by moods and circumstances and their own interests, in measure. It will not do to make their good or ill opinion our rule. To speak to please them, to suppress or qualify the truth as we see it for their sake, will be fatal to truthfulness; to act to please them will be fatal to truthfulness of character. "Speaking the truth in love," — this is the rule of speech. "Watch ye, stand fast in the faith, quit you like men, be strong. Let all your things be done with charity," — this is the rule of conduct. Doing nothing needlessly to wound, glad to gratify the very humblest when we may, striving ever to see, to speak, to live the truth, — in one word, dwelling in a sense of duty and of God, — this is our high calling.

Contrast, too, a sense of duty as a motive to action with a desire for reward of any kind — praise or otherwise — and, I may say, reward whether earthly or heavenly, except as the heavenly recompense is rightly

conceived as consisting mainly in perfected character, and therefore, largely, in a perfected sense of duty itself.

Very much of men's work is done for wages. Now, if no sense of duty is blended with one's work, if there is no spirit of fidelity, no feeling of obligation, how much is lost! I may say first, meeting such on their own ground. They get the wages or reward, but no more, because under the government of God "two things cannot be bought with one price." Love is lost entirely, and respect mainly, and the full enjoyment of their toil. And this is lost — the cultivation of character; and if we do not cultivate character while at our work and by means of it, we shall do very little in that direction. How imperfectly, too, will work often be done that is done only for pay, so that, besides what is lost, positive injustice will be committed. No, let us rise higher than this. Let us get something out of our labor that is desirable and permanent. Let us grow better through our diligence. If work is performed, and lessons are learned, and whatever we have to do is done with our might, from a sense of duty in some good

degree, life is rescued from drudgery and converted into a discipline for Heaven.

Some persons, in order to escape the evils I have just pointed out, contrive to weave more or less sentiment and sensibility with their daily toil. This is well. Yet contrast, once more, a sense of duty as a motive to action, with this. Sentiment is variable, and often disappears altogether. Hard work, weariness, sickness, sleeplessness, often make havoc with it. We want something stronger and more durable, something for dull days as well as bright ones, something when the road goes uphill as well as when it goes downhill. Sensibility is something to be thankful for; it brightens life wonderfully; it redeems it often from mere drudgery. But all cannot have it — or much of it. And those that have, will find in conscience the help they need in many a trying hour. Let sentiment adorn duty, if it will, and hang flowers upon it, and even strengthen it when it can, turning its iron into steel, — yet be sure that duty is there. When emotion declines, when a spent nervous system or exhausting labors bear hardly upon us, then the "stern daughter of the voice of

God" will lead us by the hand with her. And in time we may come to say, —

> "Nor know we anything so fair
> As is the smile upon thy face."

Let us, in the last place, contrast duty with expediency, as a motive. True, they are one very often, and duty is seldom at variance with what the clear eye sees to be truly expedient. Yet there is a world-wide difference between them as dominant motives. We shall miss the really expedient if we make that our direct object of pursuit, just as happiness is missed in the same way. The fugitive slave of former years found the Canada he longed for, with its safety and peace, by keeping the North Star in his eye; he would have failed of it if he had followed each will o' the wisp with its deceptive promise. Do the right — that is the only sure way for ignorant mortals like us to do the expedient.

But still otherwise, how superior, how unspeakably superior, the motive of duty! Expediency is shifting; it is here to-day and there to-morrow; it means go northward now and southward then; it requires one

to take back now what he asserted a little while ago or to be silent when he had been eager and outspoken, to work away from a former position, to tack, to move on a curve. So it makes one's track sinuous, and thus useless to others; the footprints we leave, if any, "upon the sands of time" can help no one else — a great misfortune, certainly. It is not adroit acts but straightforward ones, not clever speeches but strong ones, even if blunt, that men remember, and, if we are on the whole kind, remember gratefully. And at length (by following expediency) we ourselves are confused. We lose clearness of vision and often strength of purpose. For our own sake, fixed principles and stanch convictions, with charity and tolerance to others, — these are necessary for our own sake. They are necessary to repose; they are necessary to strength. "I can go forward," said that great man, Dr. Francis Wayland, "I can go forward, and I like to; I can go backward, though I hate to; but I can't go sideways." How helpful is such a man to others, and how strong in himself, — while expediency as a common motive to action

will certainly lead to weakness, indecision, and failure.

To live, indeed, under a sense of duty, truly, and in all its many requirements, demands faith. But that is open to us. "Lord, increase our faith," said the apostles, and the Lord answered their petition, as He so often does ours, by enjoining something which needed its exercise. Jesus said also, "If ye know how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more shall your heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit to them that ask him?"

Let us not always desire the zephyrs from the south, delightful as they are in their season; there is health and vigor and great joy in the stern north wind. And Job said, "Out of the south cometh the whirlwind; but fair weather cometh out of the north."

XVI

CONVENTIONAL MORALITY

Thou, God, seest me. — GEN. xvi. 13.

THESE words were spoken by Hagar when the angel of the Lord found her in the wilderness. They express a thought comforting or solemn, as the case may be, — comforting, we may suppose, in Hagar's case, though perhaps not altogether so, — solemn when we feel especially our responsibility to God. For my present purpose, I would put with them these words of a patriarch, Job xxxiv. 21, "For his eyes are upon the ways of a man, and he seeth all his goings."

The Bible tells us repeatedly and in many forms of our direct, personal responsibility to God. I wish to speak to-day of a sense of this responsibility as a prop of morality, with some especial reference to honesty. Every once in a while, men are astounded by the discovery of great frauds in high

business circles. And very frequently, in this age of commercial activity, do we hear of aggravated cases of dishonesty. Why is it that men are thus fearfully carried away by temptation?

A chief way in which forgetfulness of God operates, is this: Custom is adopted as law instead of righteousness. All trades and occupations have their usages, and very properly so. Some of them are apt to be purely traditional; that is, the reason for their adoption has ceased, and yet, and not wrongfully, they are handed down from one generation to another. Others have an intrinsic propriety. But the fact of such usages is the point before us now. In nearly all the relations of life, also, custom has a very prominent and important place.

Now, as a consequence, there is apt to grow up over our heads a vine of conventionalism shutting out the light of God's law. Right things are often done simply because they are customary; and wrong things are often done for the same reason. A merchant may draw back from certain unmercantile and wrong practices because they are unmercantile, while the same man

may commit what is equally wrong, and to others as clearly wrong, but yet tolerated by the usages of his business. And it is astonishing how thick such a vine will grow. Under it men will be guilty of acts and practices from which they would utterly shrink in other relations. They will talk and do according to a standard of morals which not for an instant would they tolerate anywhere else. They will make statements and equivocations for the like of which they would punish a child severely, and which they themselves would not be guilty of except under the dark shadow of this vine of custom. Under this how often does the soldier live, and thus, at the summons of his superior, he, so commonly gentle, generous, forbearing, the defender of the weak, hastens to destroy the weak, amidst scenes of cruelty and blood.

Under this cover of conventionality, the greatest crimes may be committed, and no one will acknowledge the responsibility. Intoxicating drinks will be carried abroad to ruin the pagan body and soul, and the owner of the ship will lay the blame upon his agent, — he himself knew nothing of

the nature of the cargo; he left that matter, like other owners, to the agent. The agent will urge that he was instructed, virtually at least, to let the ship on the most profitable terms, and that, like other agents, he could do no otherwise. In the same way will the leasing of houses for the vilest purposes be excused.

So completely may the light of God's word be shut out by the prescriptions of usage. A striking illustration is furnished by a letter of the infamous Duke of Alva to his king, Philip the Second of Spain. A monarch's promises, he said, "were not to be considered so sacred as those of humbler mortals. Not that the king should directly violate his word, but at the same time," continued the Duke, "I have thought, all my life, and I have learned it from the Emperor, your Majesty's father," — that Charles the Fifth, who regretted in his last years that he had not violated the safe-conduct he had given to Luther and dealt with him as a predecessor had dealt with John Huss, — "that the negotiations of kings depend upon different principles from those of us private gentlemen who walk the world."

The light of God's law once excluded from our way, it is not strange that men fall into sins which shock every one and which usage does not tolerate. If they do that which is wrong because it is usual, we may expect that they will, before long, do that which is unusual, but no worse in itself. And thence they may pass on to greater crimes. The occasion, you observe, is the substitution of custom or usage as an authority for the law of God. Hence that comes to be forgotten as a rule of life; and when some sudden or great temptation occurs, its mighty power is not present to shield the soul.

Now, let the great truth expressed in the text, "Thou, God, seest me," be written upon our hearts, and we are safe. "Thou, God, seest me;" I am responsible to Thee; nothing can absolve me from direct allegiance to Thee,—this is the knife that cuts through the vine of custom, and lets in the light of Heaven's authority, a sense of direct, personal responsibility to God.

The first and great question, then, with regard to every usage and every act is clearly this: Is it right in the sight of God?

But here we often meet with an objection. We are told that this course is impracticable — that no man could get on in business on this principle, or, for that matter, in anything else. It is urged that, whatever may be the case ages hence, when Christianity shall have obtained complete dominion in the world, we cannot now move freely in trade, in politics, in the various walks of life, and fully carry out the principle just laid down. And so we are tempted, as Jesus was, to turn stones into loaves. But let us note that this assertion remains to be proved. It is doubtless very inconvenient, and sometimes it is extremely difficult, to act on the strict requirements of righteousness in all situations. This is a part of our trial, what is often called our "probation." But it is not at all clear that this difficulty amounts to an impossibility. Of course I except those situations in which one has no right to be. There are employments, for example, which are essentially wrong, and which of necessity, therefore, involve wrong acts and methods. But with such exceptions as these, we may feel assured that in all positions it is possible and practicable for us to

do right; there are certainly many righteous men busy in the world. The contrary, surely, is to be proved.

But waiving this, I reply that success or the want of it cannot affect moral principles. In deciding what is merely prudent, considerations of that kind are admissible. Often, too, in deciding what is right, in our ignorance we must look at the probable results of the courses of conduct before us. But that what is right is to be done — whatever it may be, or wherever it may lead — is a point far above prudential considerations. What father would like to have the preacher teach his children the opposite? *Righteousness our rule*, — this is the plain teaching of Holy Writ. "Whether it be right in the sight of God to hearken unto you more than unto God, judge ye," said Peter and John to the Jewish rulers, and all admit the fitness of their position. "Whether it be right in the sight of God" — they took for granted that what was right was to be done; that, they assumed as a matter about which there could be no dispute. And this is in accordance with the spirit of the whole Bible, — and with the pro-

foundest convictions of conscience. (Of course this does not mean contempt for others' conscience, judgment, or feelings. Our own conscience forbids, certainly ought to forbid, such a thing.) Still farther, the example alike of prophets and of apostles and of worthies in every age shows that righteousness is higher than merely earthly claims. The eleventh chapter of Hebrews sums up the story when it tells of those of the earlier time who in the path of duty, "had trial of cruel mockings and scourgings, yea, moreover of bonds and imprisonment: They were stoned, they were sawn asunder, were tempted, were slain with the sword: they wandered about in sheepskins and goatskins; being destitute, afflicted, tormented; . . . they wandered in deserts, and in mountains, and in dens and caves of the earth." All this is as true of later heroes. A "crown of righteousness" was their aim.

And the Bible does not promise entire exemption from trouble for righteousness' sake, but rather, it warns us to expect anything but that. Assuredly success in the worldly sense of the word is not promised

to the righteous man. He is told to look for his riches and his honors in other directions. His consolation and encouragement here are not that he is what the world calls prosperous, — that he is a little richer or more famous than his fellow men, but that he has the approval of a good conscience, the favor of his Heavenly Father, and the hope of an eternal inheritance in heaven. This we all know.

Is it right? Has it God's approval? — this, then, is to be the first question in regard to every usage and act.

But another objection is often urged, not so much to the general principle as to the practical application of it, and urged sometimes with much plausible adroitness. We are told that a course of strict righteousness will destroy our influence for good. The objection clothes itself in the garb of virtue.

This, as I have said, is not so much a theoretical as a practical objection. The duty of doing what is right in the sight of God is not directly denied. But in the moment of severe temptation, it may be,

when a man has all that he can do to stand erect, the thought is broached that a rigid observance of the principle may endanger that which is dear to God as well as to himself, — his influence for good, — and that a slight deviation from the straight line will add to his usefulness. Let a little "miry clay" be mixed with the iron, is the suggestion.

This objection may be met in the same way as the other. It is by no means sure that a good cause is promoted by a conformity, however slight, to a sinful usage or principle. It cannot be proved. We are not to judge by immediate results; we are not to judge from apparent results. By yielding, good men have often had to admit to themselves afterward what Luther frankly confessed on such an occasion, — "We have played the fool exceedingly." This is certain, — that exceedingly often a man's power for good is fatally injured by swerving from the right. The charm that hung about him is gone; the secret of his power is lost. Some present object of apparent value may be gained, but this is all. For as the German proverb has it,

"One must needs have a long spoon who sups with the devil."

Besides, we are to leave all this matter of influence with God. He bids us do right. We may safely commit results to Him. Very likely the right will not always seem to be wise also. But for this very reason He bids us carry over the "breastplate of righteousness" the "shield of faith." We are to trust Him. We should not need that shield if all were plain before us. We may be sure that a single eye, a pure life, the courage that is born of convictions, and faith in God, will give us all the influence we ought to have. For us it is enough if what we do is right. "Thou, God, seest me;" let my conduct be holy in Thy sight, — this thought marks out the way of duty.

Let us carefully note, also, that this thought indicates a way of usefulness.

One chief thing to be done in leading this world to God is to imbue its institutions, customs, maxims, modes of thought, with a right spirit. To a great extent these are stamped with ungodliness, and there-

fore they draw men or tend to draw them away towards wrong. Many of them have come down from early and bad times; and most of them, whenever they began, are not yet pervaded by the Gospel — have not yet been stricken through with its principles and spirit.

Now one way of usefulness for good men is to put, as far as in them lies, a right impress upon these things. Let right customs be substituted for wrong. Into every relation let the temper of Christianity enter. Let all the usages of college, for example, be right. Let right influences be created on every side. The good that would be done thus we cannot estimate. None can measure the happy influence that may be exerted by a single honorable and Christian custom. It awakens thought. It convinces men of the reality of true religion, and makes them feel its power. And if we could have the Divine law reflected from every side, from every usage, from every institution, from every arrangement, so that men would walk in a focus of Divine light and heat, the benefits would be great indeed.

A chief means of usefulness for virtuous men in this respect is to set an example of single-minded fidelity to righteousness. A most effective mode of preaching the Gospel is to live in all things with a simple reference to what is right in the sight of God. We all know the value of a holy life in its influence upon others. But I am speaking now of something more specific than this general truth. I am speaking of the good that may be done by living on the principle of a recognition of our direct, personal responsibility to God. For example, we urge upon our friends the importance of faith. We tell them that spiritual things are the great concern, far above earthly affairs. Now let us show by our lives how fully we believe this. Let us not walk by sight, do wrong, warp our principles for the sake of prosperity or comfort, and so contradict our testimony. Do we call upon men to have faith? And what is faith? Not the reception of certain truths only, but of the whole word and will of God. To believe in the mystery of a triune Deity may require less faith than to believe that "whether we eat, or drink, or whatso-

ever we do, we are to do all to the glory of God." Let us *live* faith, and we shall give the most convincing and effective proof of our estimate of it.

We tell men that faith is a practical principle, the really practical principle, and the only one to be relied on permanently. We have daily opportunity to show this. Let us prove the power of faith to lift us above the entanglements of sinful custom. Does faith work? No better proof can be given than is furnished by living ever in our Father's eye. The belief that there is a God may give no evidence of the blessed power of faith. "The devils also believe, and tremble." But let a man's life show that he believes that there is a God in the full meaning of that fact, let him live as if there were indeed one who lays His hand upon all our doings and bids us in all things have a reference to His gracious will, and the demonstration that there is power in faith is complete.

Here, then, is a way of usefulness as well as duty. It is what we especially want in a skeptical age, — the example of men living under the power of the thought, "God's

eyes are upon the ways of a man, and He seeth all his goings." Every such life is a fact, — something addressed, therefore, to that part of our mental nature whose one-sided culture in our day breeds so many small, shallow doubts, — a fact which cannot be gainsaid; a fact which goes to show the reality of true religion.

And the thought suggested by the text would brace our virtue and improve our whole character. We have the testimony of " the best of great men and the greatest of good men " that in the vast multitude of cases something of this kind is necessary in order to sustain virtue. In his " Farewell Address," the Father of our country says: " Let us with caution indulge the supposition that morality can be maintained without religion. Whatever may be conceded to the influence of refined education on minds of peculiar structure, reason and experience both forbid us to expect that national morality can prevail in exclusion of religious principles."

A recognition of a Supreme Ruler, of His constant oversight and our personal

responsibility to Him, will make it easier for the young man to walk with steady step in the ways of honor. It will make it easier for every one. And it would improve our entire character. Our prime fault is our forgetfulness and neglect of our Father in heaven. Our prime need is His enthronement in our being. It would be a long step towards this if we should bring ourselves under the habitual power of Hagar's confession, "Thou, God, seest me." If in all our plans and hopes, in the adoption of our standards and the indulgence of our desires, we kept this thought, much would be done to fulfill the petition, — at least in our own hearts, — "Thy kingdom come."

As we close, let us listen to the seer who said to the Jewish king, "The eyes of the Lord run to and fro throughout the whole earth, to show himself strong in the behalf of those whose heart is perfect toward him!"

XVII

MEN HAVE WHAT THEY LIVE FOR

Verily, I say unto you, They have their reward. — MATT. vi. 2, l. c. (Compare verses 5 and 16 and the Revised Version.)

HYPOCRITES, says Jesus, give alms, pray, fast, "that they may have glory of men." And they have their reward — the reward they desire, and it is all they will ever have. That other recompense, "at the resurrection of the just," the "reward with our Father in heaven," they must not look for. They have received their reward.

It is a general rule of God's government of the world that men get what they live for. God does not distribute the so-called good things of this world according to character. This has been recognized in all ages; and the Bible declares it. Plainly, it is not the fact that character is the standard according to which they are, even generally, bestowed. Nor does He dispense them ac-

cording to bare sovereignty. He gives as He will, but not willfully. His is a sovereignty of wisdom, holiness, and benevolence, even as our Lord illustrates it in the case of the householder who replied to his complaining workman, "Is it not lawful for me to do what I will with mine own? Is thine eye evil, because I am good?" — in other words, "I will do good with my own." Nor does this benevolent, holy, wise sovereignty distribute its blessings here merely for high ends of discipline or instruction or moral government in general. It has such ends, no doubt. But one of the means by which it accomplishes them is through the workings of the rule here announced. "Men *have* their reward."

Let us consider the principle in question; as a general rule, men get what they live for. We are to distinguish, of course, between seeming to live for an object and really living for it. To wish for an object is not necessarily to choose it. One may desire wealth, but he may prefer that ease from which wealth can seldom be won. He may desire popular applause, but he may

prefer obscurity to arduous toil and the liability of failure. We choose an object when we prefer it to everything that comes in competition with it. When, for the sake of riches, we are willing to expend all the labor and take all the pains and make all the sacrifices that the acquisition of riches would require in our case, then we truly choose riches. Now, as this example suggests, all but invariably there are certain things to be done in order to gain the objects we prefer. Except with His common gifts, such as air and sunshine, God seldom, comparatively, bestows His bounties irrespective of these things. Even His common gifts very often need exertion to secure their benefits when we most need them, — to have the sunshine in our dwellings, for instance, or pure, fresh air even outdoors. With other than common blessings, seldom, I repeat, does God give them without effort on our part. And often it is not so when it seems so; there is a real connection between man's effort and God's bounty. If we would learn, we must observe, meditate, study. Practical wisdom is gained by experience and thought. Virtue

comes from self-denial and watchfulness. With every object, accordingly, that we desire, something, as a general rule, comes into competition. With knowledge, for example, it may be indolence, or the love of money or of pleasure. Philip of Macedon had his choice between conquest and ease. Demosthenes had his between the achievements of eloquence and statesmanship and the safety and pleasure of retirement. The Apostle Paul had his between the extension of his Lord's kingdom, obedience to God, eternal bliss, on the one hand, and the favor of his countrymen, a quiet life, and a peaceful death, on the other. To choose an object, then (I say again), is to prefer it — not, of necessity, to anything else, but — to anything which comes in competition with it. Philip or Alexander chose conquest not because he merely wished for more territory or for achievement, but because he wished for either or both *more* than he wished for ease, domestic enjoyment, all things that came in comparison with them.

And as we distinguish between what we desire and what we choose, so are we to

distinguish between what we seem to choose and what we really choose. One may take several steps toward an object, but fail to go to it, — not only this, he may keep in the road and seem to take all the steps to an object, and yet his attention may be fixed elsewhere. It is flowers by the way that he is plucking and for which he cares, and not a journey that he is accomplishing. Two men may read the same book in a very different manner; one, carelessly, to while away the time, the other for mental discipline; yet they may seem to a friend equally engaged. And in the case of so great a thing as Life, a man may fail to know what he is really living for unless he takes pains to know. Making the distinction in question, then, between the seeming and the reality of the case, men get what they live for, as a general rule; "they have their reward."

In this statement I have no reference either to specific points which men may choose — such as the acquisition of just so much wealth or of just such a position, or to the innumerable objects of transient

desire and endeavor which occupy us as we pass through the world. I do not refer to specific points of desire, which, in an important sense, often cannot be objects of choice because there is nothing to be done, that, being done, would create a probability in favor of one's success; the thing is not an object of choice much more, if any more, than flying is — though one might greatly wish both. I do not refer to the innumerable objects of transient endeavor, although even with them the proposition may be verified more fully than might be supposed. But I am speaking now of objects whose pursuit gives shape either to one's whole life or to a very considerable length of it, — that is, to the objects one may be said to live for. These are such as knowledge, riches, power, usefulness, righteousness. Of these I affirm that the man who lives for them generally gets them.

For the proof of this I cite common experience and observation. This proof, perhaps, cannot be better unfolded than by meeting at once the objection that most readily suggests itself, — Do not thousands fail in the pursuit of wealth, power, popu-

lar applause? Is not such failure, indeed, notorious? And are not those who win the prizes the exception instead of the rule? I reply, The large majority of failures are due to the fact that the men in question do not choose — do not live for — the object which they profess or seem to pursue. They may deceive themselves, or, with no intention to do so, they may deceive others. Here is one who would be rich, and who desires wealth so much that he would even be guilty of fraud to get it. But he wishes also, and wishes more, to spend as he goes — to enjoy as far as his means will allow him, day by day. He is not willing to deny himself the pleasure thus to be had during the long years requisite for the accumulation of a fortune. He would like wealth when he thinks on the subject, or when obliged to deny himself some costly pleasure for the want of it; but he likes better the daily enjoyment of what he daily earns. Money, like everything else, has its price, and he is unwilling to pay it. But one who really chooses to be rich will be, generally. Let his income be small, it will not be so small that he cannot take the first step

to wealth, saving. So as to power. I have already excepted specific points from the scope of my proposition. One may easily fail to get certain positions, however much he may desire them and even though he may seem to live for them. If men can be said (as they cannot), in any but a very qualified sense, to have lived for the presidency of the United States, for example, yet there was not enough for them to do that could create a probability of success. Hence, they could not *choose* to be president, much more than they could choose to fly; the thing was not an object of choice. But power in general — high place of some kind — such men attain. If they do not, almost invariably the reason is that they really prefer something else that comes in competition with it; they turn aside to literature, or to law, or to money-making, or to ease, — nay, too often to strong drink. Well on their way, it may be, to posts of honor, they relax their habits of industry, or they use what they have already gained to promote by-ends. They take the opportunity to fill their purse, to lay up, as they would say, for a rainy day. Their eyes are

no longer fastened on the goal, but have begun to fix on some other object by the way. How many, as I have intimated, have yielded to the temptations of the cup!

Of course, to the proposition we are considering, — that men have what they live for, — there are many exceptions, — many, at least, that seem so to our imperfect knowledge of the facts. "The race," says Scripture, — "the race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong," that is, it does not belong to them, they cannot call it their own, they are not sure of it, therefore; yet the swiftest almost always win the race, and the strongest almost always gain the battle. And when the swiftest lose the race, it is because for the time they cease to be swift; when the strongest lose the battle, it is because for the time they fail to be strong. No doubt, too, there are many cases in which those who do not live for this or that object, get it; wealth comes by inheritance, power sometimes seeks out him that would shrink from it. Yet exceptional instances in either direction do not affect the general rule.

The truth seems to be that through it

God is teaching us a great moral lesson, or more than one such lesson. He is inculcating the value of energy, diligence, care, watchfulness, perseverance, conformity to great laws. And thereby He is aiming to form in us habits of momentous and enduring consequence to our spiritual welfare. Here in part, perhaps, is the explanation of the Proverbs of Solomon (or rather of their place in the Scriptures), even in those instances where they seem to have reference to merely prudential excellences — such as industry and forethought; they teach us how to live in lesser things here, they train us to live for the things that are not seen. However this may be, the principle or fact in question remains, — men get what they live for. Its illustrations are innumerable. In his autobiography Goethe takes as his motto, "What man wishes in youth, he has in fullness in old age;" and he says, "Our wishes are presentiments of the faculties which lie within us, and harbingers of that which we shall be in a condition to perform." The student of law — or the lawyer — devoting all possible opportunities to literature, will be a "literary man"

in time, and turning aside really, if not formally, from his profession, will give himself mainly to letters. The physician whose thoughts turn continually to art will, almost in spite of himself, become, in effect, an artist. The college student whose heart is really absorbed in music or in athletics will commonly find in that his life work. Tell us what one's by-work is (if it be truly by-*work* and not by-play), — to what his thoughts certainly and lovingly turn as soon as his appointed task is over, and from that we can better judge what his future life will be, at least ultimately be, than from the task-work which he seems to have set himself.

Some things very plainly follow from this line of thought. And first, there is much less mystery in some parts of the Divine government than many think. We ourselves, it has been justly said, are not apt to suspect mystery when we are prospered; it is in adversity that we cry out, "How unsearchable are His judgments!" Many a man fails of success in his undertakings because he is not really in earnest. Gladly

would he succeed in them, but there is something he likes better. Diligently, perhaps, does he labor in them, but as soon as the hours of work are over, his thoughts are elsewhere — where his heart has been all the time. Conscientiously, even, does he engage in them, but his affections are given to some other object. I am not now saying that he is blameworthy for this; I am only speaking of facts. The good man who wonders at his failure (I mean in worldly affairs) quite commonly has not tried to get the thing he seemed — to himself, perhaps, — to be aiming to get. He may have got something better, — domestic enjoyment, culture of the mind, usefulness; his course may have been the truly wise one. But his failure is not to be referred to the inscrutable providence of God. Inscrutable things, no doubt, there are in that providence. The best laid and the best executed plans may be unavailing. A lifetime of toil, for moderate ends, may profit naught. God is sovereign; and though His sovereignty is one of infinite wisdom and goodness, yet for that very reason He may foil us — even in the pursuit of good

ends, having something better in store for us or for others. Yet it remains true that generally "the race is to the swift, the battle to the strong, bread to the wise" or prudent, "riches to the discerning, and favor" — popular applause — "to men of skill." Not through extraordinary opportunities, but through the right use of ordinary opportunities lies the road to success. And this is the fact, or law, which God's sovereignty is upholding and showing itself in, — showing and vindicating itself in this more fully than in those unusual cases where all recognize it. Strange as it may seem, it often requires more faith to receive this truth than the other.

Once more: we are "not to expect to buy two things for one price." "Everything in this world," it has been well said, "has its price; and the price buys that, not something else." Thus, "the soldier pays his price for his glory, — risk of life and limb;" the statesman pays his price, — "the price of a thorny pillow, unrest, the chance of being to-day a nation's idol, to-morrow the people's execration." Now men, as this author says, are constantly expecting to buy

two things with one price; they live "for earth and expect to win spiritual blessings, or they live to the spirit and then wonder that they have not the good things of earth." The honest man, for example, wonders why his dishonest competitor is more prospered than he; and good men often seem to expect that hereafter they will have for recompense substantially the same kind of enjoyment that some bad men are having here.

But this is alike unreasonable in itself and inconsistent with God's government of the world. It is unreasonable in itself, for it is evident that one price should buy one thing. Fidelity, integrity, truthfulness, are fitted to win a quiet conscience, — not houses and lands and bonds. Industry, caution, economy, and kindred qualities stand and fitly stand in relation to these; and the upright man, who has those qualities, may gain these things; but it is not reasonable that he should expect to get them unless he has the qualities which stand in relation to them. It is most reasonable, no doubt, that a truly good man should have God's favor, and that he should expect God to

manifest that favor in some way — as (shall I say?) by *discipline!* (Hebrews xii. 7); but not that he should expect Him to manifest it in this way, — by giving two things for one price, that is, by giving not only spiritual blessings to his piety, but also temporal blessings — which temporal blessings are connected with another class of qualities.

And such is not God's way, in fact. A man's integrity, indeed, may indirectly help him to worldly prosperity; but it is not to be counted on in that direction, to a very great degree. The loftiest honesty may help to a livelihood, but seldom to wealth. Speak the truth and live the truth always, and it will perhaps hinder as much as it will aid merely earthly success. "The truly righteous just man," said one of Plato's characters long ago, "will be scourged, tortured, fettered, have his eyes burnt out, and lastly suffer all manner of evils and be crucified." And when the Embodiment of perfect righteousness walked our earth, He verified the declaration. God's way is to give the best gifts to the best qualities.

On the other hand, there is a large class of men who live essentially for this world

and yet are surprised if one denies their claim to the highest blessings. They are good neighbors, good citizens, temperate, honest in their dealings; they have those traits that fit them to live well here if there is no God and no eternal future. They, however, wish not merely the appropriate rewards of such traits as theirs, but those also that are promised to men who "walk with God" through the world, and whose good neighborhood, good citizenship, temperance, honesty, and the rest are irradiated by a reference to His will. But in vain; "they have their reward," and have it here — all of it. It is all that they can rightly look for.

It only remains for me, my friends, to start the question, — What do you really wish? — that is, what do you choose? what do you live for? If any earthly thing, you can (probably) have it by living for it. But do not complain if you get that only. If ambition is for you the rival with usefulness, and you choose the objects of ambition, do not be surprised if you have not the joys of benevolence. If pleasure, ease,

self-indulgence are for you the rivals with Christ-like character, do not be surprised if, in choosing those, you lose this. If to you, young men, who have to select a profession for life, self-aggrandizement is the successful competitor with the service of your Master above, be not astonished that you reap the corresponding fruits.

What, then, I ask again, my friends, are you living for? — consciously or unconsciously — with set purpose or with no purpose? What is the drift of your life? Choose the highest object, choose Christ and His kingdom, and adversity may be yours, or prosperity may be yours; but there can be no failure in this. With lower objects, we must say that generally a man gets what he lives for three times out of four, nine times out of ten, it may be. But with this he is always successful. Choose *it*, choose Him, and you may have earthly sorrow or earthly joy — probably you will have something of both — but certainly, certainly, certainly, you will "be recompensed at the resurrection of the just."

XVIII

CLOUDS AND RAIN

If the clouds be full of rain, they empty themselves upon the earth: and if the tree fall toward the south, or toward the north, in the place where the tree falleth, there it shall be. — Eccl. xi. 3.

That is, when the clouds are once filled with rain, as a matter of course — inevitably — they empty themselves, and when the tree has once fallen, it remains as it fell — it does not itself change its position for another. The truth taught us here is the inevitableness of events as following causes. "The logic of events," as the thought has been well put, is, according to this passage, a reality. Let things go in a certain manner, and the issue is sure. The tree may fall toward the north, or it may fall toward the south; but once fallen, it stays as it fell. This general thought may properly detain us a few moments, and then I shall ask your attention to a specific application of it.

It is, then, an exceedingly important principle, and one which intelligent men especially cannot innocently disregard, that causes, that is, things potent enough to become such, produce their results with certainty. Let the causes remain, and the results must come. There is no way to prevent it; when the clouds are full, they will discharge themselves. No regrets, no efforts of well-meaning men, no prayers of God's people, will avert it. In nations, families, individuals, the principle is found true.

A fearful illustration of this, our own country furnished in 1861 and onwards. Later the King of Naples was warned that he was taking a course which would lead to his dethronement. He persisted in the coarsest despotism. For a time he seemed safe. He defied with impunity the moral sentiment of all Western Europe. But the clouds were full at last; and being full, "they emptied themselves upon the earth." In families, how often do we see children grow up unrestrained! The idea of authority is not inculcated, practically inculcated. It is hoped — so far as thought is given to

the subject — it is hoped, perhaps, that influences of a general character, that increasing years with their mental development, that some unknown cause, will tame the violent temper. In vain; the clouds fill, and once full they empty themselves. We are constantly liable to delusion in this thing. Somehow or other, we expect that causes will not work out results in our own case. We violate the laws of health, and are surprised when health fails. We violate the great principles of business, of political economy, or otherwise, and virtually reckon on a suspension of the laws we break. All around us, no doubt, a little observation would supply abundant illustrations of this. Any physician could give us instance after instance.

One thing that helps to deceive us on this point is that other causes sometimes concur to modify the workings of those which we observe, so that the anticipated result does not always come, or does not come just as we expect it, or does not come as soon as we expect it. Such a person, we say, is breaking certain natural laws and must pay the penalty. But in his particular

case, certain other influences which we do not know, or do not heed, are at work; and thus a result is reached which differs from our expectation. And this misleads us. We begin to doubt, really if not consciously, the existence of the asserted laws. Now this is a part of the system of discipline under which we are. There are just exceptions enough to the working out of certain causes — exceptions owing, as I have said, to the existence of other causes unknown or neglected by us — to give us the sense of freedom. The great principles of life are, most of them, deduced from thousands of cases, or our knowledge of them is so deduced. They are true in three quarters, perhaps nine tenths, of instances. In the remainder the generalization fails. This deceives us. We question their reality. We see a man drink intemperately day after day, and live to fourscore; we doubt whether strong drink is as injurious as medical science teaches. We see a man transgress every maxim of prudent management in business, and he does not fail; we doubt whether prudence is indeed of the value commonly asserted of it. And so the iron hand of fate is lifted

and we are left free. But so, also, we are liable to deceive ourselves.

But quite generally men do not think on the subject at all. It is too true of most that they drift through life. Somehow or other they hope to come out right. They do not stop to weigh the principles on which they act, or to examine the lines in which they move. They are like a farmer who should neglect to verify his seed and find whether he is sowing what will produce the crop he wishes; or like a navigator who should make no observations to determine whether he is where he ought to be; or like a student who should fail to see whether he has the right book — whether he is not studying Herodotus, for example, when he should be at Thucydides. And yet it is certain that not once in a thousand times do things go right in the world without care. No mariner, on a voyage out of Boston, would reach Liverpool by a happy accident once in ten thousand times. Everything demands painstaking in some large proportion to its importance.

But men, I say, quite commonly do not think of the principles of their conduct or

of its direction, but simply drift through life. And so they forget that " if the clouds be full of rain, they empty themselves upon the earth : and if the tree fall toward the south, or toward the north, in the place where the tree falleth, there it shall be."

And now I have led you up to the special application of the text, to which I ask your chief attention this morning, namely, the certainty and unchangeableness of character as following upon early conduct.

What men will be in middle life is almost surely foreshadowed by what they are at the age of twenty-one. You meet your college classmate a score of years after graduation. He is the same affable and sociable man he was then or the same silent, reserved, self-poised man ; the same large-hearted, generous man or the same hard and selfish one. Of the half-dozen varieties of character into which any college class may be distributed, all will be found to embrace nearly the same individuals who will be alive twenty or thirty years later. Some changes there may be, but the germs of these are most of them

discoverable even now. That pleasant, obliging disposition is even now joined to the iron will that is to achieve in the years to come; some traces are already revealing themselves of that which is to bring disgrace and sorrow a quarter of a century hence. It is most interesting, and most instructive also, to observe the illustrations of this principle. Punctuality observed in early life is almost certainly a habit in later life. The practice of regularity in the performance of duty forms its corresponding habit. You can predict with almost entire confidence what a man will be in these respects, from what he is in his youth. There is such a thing as conventional morality. It rests upon common usages and maxims; little or no reference is had in it to the right; little or no regard is paid to the authority of God. The man who acts according to its standard, might act very much worse elsewhere; or still elsewhere he might act very much better. But he does not inquire after the becoming, the righteous. Now if this is his morality in early life, it will almost inevitably be his in middle life. Put him in Congress and he will

go with his party; put him in an executive office, and he will bend his duty to party's dictates. Not his to refuse, as John Jay refused to his friend's request, the doing of wrong for partisan purposes.

Hasty decisions, prejudiced decisions, mental unfairness, careless reasoning, rash commitments, — all are things which repeat themselves in later years. Practices end in habits, and habits make up character. The clouds fill, — perhaps are long in filling; but when full, they empty themselves. It *must* be so. Esau has lost the blessing, and now "he finds no place for repentance, though he seek it carefully with tears." We are told that the width of the ordinary railroad track was accidentally fixed by the width of the carts in which coal was carried two hundred years ago in England. First, two-wheeled carts, then wooden rails, and next four-wheeled wagons were used; and so, step by step, the present wonderful system of locomotion has grown up. But the accidental width of those first simple coal-carts has determined the usual width of the steel track on which the engine of to-day rushes at the rate of thirty or fifty miles an

hour. So do the first and, as it might seem, almost accidentally chosen principles, maxims, estimates, standards, decide our course in later years.

In early life we do not act, for the most part, on principles, but *as if* such and such were our principles. We do not have habits, but we act *as if* such and such practices were our habits. And in many cases the purpose is to adopt other principles, and form other habits. When once out of our present conditions, we will make a change. It is hard now to break away from our associates, but the time is coming when we shall be separated from them, and then the new and right principles, the new and right habits, shall be ours. But unfortunately for this intention, our characters (in so far as formed) react upon our circumstances, and in some degree create them. Every man sets a-going influences that react, I say, upon him, and so, I repeat, he makes, in part, the circumstances that seem to determine his conduct. The indolent man is getting such a reputation as will prevent him from securing that desirable situation in which he means to

become industrious, and will doom him to accept another situation peculiarly unfavorable to reform. He cannot have the place he wishes just when he gets ready for it. The man who keeps bad company, and means to desert it some day, is not only forming bad tastes, but making associations, too, which will quite likely prevent his carrying out that good intention. Of course there are exceptions, for the fact of freedom must be emphasized. I am speaking of general facts and principles. In the light of these I affirm that few men, comparatively, are in very favorable or unfavorable conditions who did not do something to put themselves where they are. If George Washington owed in measure his position as commander-in-chief of the American armies to the fact that he was a Virginian, yet that the choice fell upon him rather than some other son of Virginia was due to his merits. If John Somers owed to some unknown chance his position in Parliament and the opportunity which that gave him to make the great speech of a few minutes which established his reputation, yet that men consented to listen to

him in Parliament at such a crisis was due to his well-known merits. Industry, temperance, discretion, fidelity, prepare the way for a man's success. These qualities become known to his friends, become known to others; and when a vacancy occurs in which these qualities are needed, eyes turn to him. In saying this, I do not forget other facts in the providence of God; each one who succeeds in life knows of some other who, but for inscrutable reasons, would probably, in his view, have been as successful as he. Each successful man, then, has occasion to thank God. But he is really indebted to the Lord, not only for a gracious providence without, but for a spirit within which led him — so to speak — to *help Providence.*

To almost every person, perhaps to quite every one, there is at least one point in his career where circumstances are in his favor. It may require some virtue to use them, but the tide is in his favor and he needs only to avail himself of it. Probably he does not know the fact; but the fact is there. The particular case may be one which demands honesty. He is a clerk,

perhaps, in a factory or store. And circumstances are working in his behalf. There is to be a vacancy soon above him, and no one else is yet thought of for it. His defects are not such as stand in his way to it. But — is he scrupulously honest? His appointment will hinge just there. If he is, he may be on the highway to fortune soon. If he is not — if, resisting conscience and the Spirit of God, he is wronging his employer — it will not be the fault of circumstances that he fails to get the place. The particular case may be one which demands disobedience to conventional morality and obedience to God's law. And just at that point the question is to be decided, not only what sort of a man the boy is to become, but what kind of a position he is to occupy in life. It is a crystallizing point in his career. Right there, it is being settled whether he is to be the "village Hampden" of the poet, or the actual Hampden of immortal fame. And so upon one virtue or another — truthfulness, justice, honesty, an obliging disposition, regularity, amiableness — may depend what circumstances shall be; and not merely circum-

stances of outward condition, but circumstances that help or hinder moral welfare.

And it is to be observed that at these turning-points in life, the needed virtue is often one that it requires much effort *not* to have, as well as some effort to have it. The truthfulness or honesty requisite is urged upon us with great power — perhaps with unusual power. "Speak the truth! Be honest!" cries conscience; "Speak the truth! Be honest!" whispers the Holy Spirit of God; "Speak the truth! Be honest!" say all the inner voices. Nay, sometimes one has the presentiment that his own highest good — even for this life, it may be — demands of him that he keep his integrity. And he has to struggle in order not to obey his mentors. And this, even if a little decision is necessary in order to obey them. Indolence, pride, the fear of man, and other contemptible minions of evil have him by the arm and would lead him to ruin. But nobler servants of Right and Good utter words of courage and hope. He has but to shake off those and follow these, and he is safe. He has made his circumstances. He is on a new road. If any more contests

with evil or its emissaries await him, it will be at points farther on, where he will be better able to meet them. On the other hand, each failure to fight the good fight leaves us in a worse position for the next conflict. We are creating evil conditions. The dishonest man will probably get among associates who, if not positively dishonest, are not men to brace him. Through them unfavorable influences will come in upon him. Distrust towards him will become common. And at last he may seem to himself doomed to dishonesty.

Every one, then, in early life is preparing and predestining his future habits by his present practices, and his future character by his present actions. "If the clouds be full of rain, they empty themselves upon the earth: and if the tree fall toward the south, or toward the north, in the place where the tree falleth, there it shall be." And no mere resolves of future amendment will defeat the principle; no change in outward circumstance can be expected to arrest its working. For *now* we are helping to make the future, and preparing to treat it

when it arrives. Let us, then, my friends, first stop and *think*. Let us think, I say; let us not be content to drift; let us ask ourselves what are the natural tendencies of our present conduct.

What, then, friend, — for let each put it to himself, — what are the principles on which you virtually act? I say *virtually* act, for you have not yet adopted them; perhaps you are only acting *as if* they were true. What are those principles? Is this, one — fidelity to obligation? Is this, one — justice to all men? Is this, one — strict loyalty to truth? Is this, one — obedience to a good conscience in each of its requirements, prompt and full obedience? Is this, one — God's will supreme and not human custom?

More than a hundred years ago, a man between the ages of twenty and twenty-four had adopted several principles, of which I will quote a few: "Resolved, to live with all my might, while I do live." "Resolved, never to do anything which, if I should see it in another, I should count a just occasion to despise him for, or to think any way the more meanly of him." "Re-

solved, to be strictly and firmly faithful to my trust, that Proverbs xx. 6 ('A faithful man who can find?') may not be partly fulfilled in me." "I frequently hear persons in old age say how they would live, if they were to live their lives over again: Resolved, that I will live just so as I can think I shall wish I had done, supposing I live to old age." Now these were Jonathan Edwards's *principles*. He acted as if they were his principles in early life, and so they stiffened and hardened into actual principles and real character in later years. When the mould and clay were thrown aside, there stood revealed the iron which had been cast in them, — there was the man. What, then, are *our* principles? Let us *think* on this point.

"If the clouds be full of rain, they empty themselves upon the earth." Your character, my youthful friend, may be formed sooner than you suppose. It may be almost formed now. At any rate, the things that will determine or all but determine your character may themselves be almost determined already. For, as we have seen, your circumstances even, your future cir-

cumstances, as well as your treatment of them when they arrive, are essentially, not to say particularly, being decided by you now. The character of your future associates, the general nature of your future employment, and other things of a general nature, — at least as much as this is in decision already. The *mould* may be almost made, almost finished. The clouds may be fuller now than you think, — they probably are so.

"And if the tree fall toward the south, or toward the north, in the place where the tree falleth, there it shall be." You have something to say now as to the direction in which the tree shall fall. Only be sure that you say it soon enough. For the tree begins to fall very early.

"Oh! that men were wise, that they understood this, that they would consider their latter end!"

Jesus said, "The Son of man is come to seek and to save that which was lost."

XIX

THE BREAD FOUND AGAIN

"Cast thy bread upon the waters, and thou shalt find it after many days." — Eccl. xi. 1.

The book of Ecclesiastes is a wonderful book. It grows in wonderfulness to the reader, — at least if he has gained the key to it, — as he himself grows in years. Indeed, it is necessary that one should have seen something of life to appreciate Ecclesiastes. For, on the one hand, it sets forth the unsatisfactoriness of all earthly sources of happiness in themselves, and on the other, it gives not merely many sagacious but many wise rules for human conduct. In very large part, it is such a book as the great German poet might have written in his old age seventy years ago, had he been more profoundly imbued with the solemn truth with which it ends, "God shall bring every work into judgment, with every secret thing, whether it be good or whether it be

evil." Or, more truly, perhaps, we can imagine it the production of some veteran statesman — as, indeed, it purports to be — who had mingled in affairs and with men and had seen the uncertainty of those and the untrustworthiness of these, who had enjoyed an uncommonly large share of the world's pleasures, intellectual as well as physical, and had found the hollowness of them all, and who, in the midst of his experiences, had been garnering up lessons of practical wisdom. "The race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong, nor yet popular favor to skillful men that are worthy of it, but time and chance happeneth to them all," — such words might have been written by an Alexander Hamilton or a Daniel Webster.

We are not to look upon the book of Ecclesiastes, I judge, as meant to urge a single lesson, however important, or, indeed, to teach professedly any lesson at all. Rather is it designed to relate the experiences of one who had seen a great deal of the world, with the feelings which they had produced or at least would naturally produce. He had seen the vanity of earthly

things, and sometimes he had felt, or might have felt had he confined himself to a single point of observation, that "there is nothing better than that a man should rejoice in his own works" and in the present hour, while at other times this same universal vanity of earth had turned his thoughts toward the invisible and unchangeable. He had seen, also, the value of certain principles of action in the world, and these he sets forth with fullness and wisdom.

It is to one of them that I ask your attention this morning.

"Cast thy bread upon the waters" or "upon the face of the waters," "for thou shalt find it after many days." The reference here is perhaps generally taken to be to the manner of sowing grain in some Eastern countries. The seed is cast upon the waters when the river, the Nile, for example, overflows its banks, and sinks into the mud and slime. In time — three months it may be — after the subsidence of the stream, the grain springs up; and so he who might have seemed to be throwing it away finds it again in a luxuriant harvest, "after many days."

The meaning of this counsel is often

limited unduly, if I mistake not: "Do good — do it freely — do it without overmuch concern as to the success of your attempts, and the fruits will appear in time." This is certainly one just application. But the sentiment is a general one: "Do right and be right in all ways; sow the seed of right principles, right aims, right conduct, even though you see no good accomplished by it; the results will yet appear." We are apt to think our efforts wasted, as an Oriental farmer's slave wading through the water that covers his field and scattering seed, might think that seed wasted. He does not see it sink into the soil; he does see the water moving slowly on to the sea; of what use to cast the grain upon its dull, dead face? Yet he does it, and after eighty, ninety, one hundred days the harvest is gathered. So, says the statesman-sage of Ecclesiastes, scatter *your* seed of high endeavor, lofty principle, generous sympathy, kindly action. It falls, indeed, upon no favoring soil, as it should seem, but upon life's restless, unfructifying, cold waves. Yet cast it forth, and thou shalt find it in due time. It will have found a soil, germinated, and sprung up,

and covered the ground with a glorious harvest.

Even in this life we often see a partial illustration of the text. For it is a blessed truth that, if there is a downward slope to moral ruin, there is also an upward one to "praise and honor and glory." For life is a series of commitments. Each step in it commits us in some degree to the next. No man entering on a course of action knows where it will bring him. Of every one it may be said as of the patriarch Abraham, "He went out, not knowing whither he went." We come into new relations. We create new circumstances; our very presence makes a change. Our characters develop in unexpected ways; for no man understands what is in him, and character and condition are much like chemicals the result of whose mixture is learned by experiment only.

A young man goes from the country to live in a great city. A few years of successful business and he will return to the old farm,—such is his thought. But even if prospered according to his hopes, he does not go back. The very removal from his

early home, perhaps with something of a wrench, waked up a spirit of enterprise which was dormant before. And this commits him to a life of enterprise, so that when wealth comes he has no desire for rest, but longs to do and achieve still more. Meantime he has entered into new relationships in the city, — mercantile, social, domestic, and these have committed him to new obligations and new attachments. While he delays his return to the country, a family grows up around him, and their affections centre where they are ; and so in his old age he is again committed to his city home, after the love of enterprise has died out and his other ties to it have been greatly weakened. And so he ends his days there. And all this without any reference to the change in tastes, ideas, notions of convenience and comfort, which he has unconsciously made.

Now, this common history furnishes us with an illustration of what is taking place in the character of every man, — of the good man as of any other. His seed-sowing is preparing a happy harvest. For in what he does and is that is right, he is *commit-*

ting himself to other right acts and states. Each deed or sentiment of holy obedience, of humble faith, of gentle submission, commits him to the next and to a greater. Does he scatter — and seem to waste — the seed of patience, forbearance, meekness, and long-suffering? It is not lost. For "there is that scattereth and yet increaseth," just as "there is that withholdeth more than is meet, but it tendeth to poverty." You see a disciple of Christ, a widow, perhaps, and one who has known better days and was once able to do and did much for others, but is now poor. Her life is occupied with little, almost insignificant acts, thoughts, emotions. She must be content with little kindnesses and trivial gifts, and with shedding down on others the unconscious benefits of patience, cheerfulness, trustfulness, like so many seeds cast upon the barren waters to go where they may. But she is preparing for herself the bread of the future, even though it may be "after many days."

And preparing it for this world, quite likely, as well as the next. She is sowing for a harvest of cheerfulness and hope in her old age. She is committing herself to a

habit of cheerfulness and hope in dark days, which will stand her in stead in those that may await her. Such days may find others very sorrowful, — the prosperous worldling may be overwhelmed with gloom. He has had "his good things," the things he counted good, and now that they are gone there is nothing left him but to lament the past, and dread — or banish the thought of — the future. Not so with her. She is reaping a harvest of contentment and peace and also hopefulness, for she knows experimentally the meaning of the inspired declaration that for the believer "tribulation worketh patience; and patience, experience," or approval; "and experience, hope." She has found that bread which she had cast upon the waters.

To us of the West, the figure of our text may suggest something which it would not to an inhabitant of Egypt or of the seacoast of China or of some other parts of the world. Yet the ordinary Oriental, I judge, would, like ourselves, find a hint at the frequently discouraging circumstances in which we are called to do the right or the

good. When kindness is shown to the unthankful or the unappreciative, for example, it may seem sheer waste. Yet, let us cast our bread upon the waters. For one thing, — as this same book tells us in this same chapter, — "Thou knowest not which shall prosper, whether this or that, or whether they both shall be alike good;" we cannot always anticipate the results of our benefactions, — can we commonly? The unpromising recipient is often very rewarding. Besides, what is done for such an one gives others, if not himself, an insight into the nature of that true goodness, which blesses because it is in it to bless, like the sun which shines because it is its nature to shine, — and it is *that* view of goodness which quickens or melts, and not the mere enjoyment of its favors. Even the selfish man wants your gifts less than he wants yourself, your sympathy and concern, and this of which I speak is still more precious than that. Let us, then, broadcast the seed, and be children of Him "who maketh his sun to rise on the evil and on the good and sendeth rain on the just and on the unjust."

And in so doing, we cast seed upon the

waters of our own lives as well as others' lives. We commit ourselves to a habit of broad and generous action, to views, sentiments, and ways like those of the blessed God. In time there shall spring up a crop of these on which our spirits will feed with joy. Then we shall understand the meaning of the Master when He said that it is more blessed to give than to receive. For we shall be in measure like Him, having a fountain of blessedness within us. Men may wonder at our happiness, but we shall have "meat to eat that they know not of."

Now, dear young people, some may say to you, Why squander your bread upon the waters? You are throwing away your sympathy upon worthless objects. But if you listen to the prompting of the text, and not to mistaken friends, you will yet verify the promise, and yours will be the enjoyment which comes from a benevolent spirit, enlarged views, and the sight of happiness around you. You will gain that most delicate of pleasures — to find happiness in the happiness of others.

In general, it is obvious, bread may be said to be cast upon the waters when right

is done or kindness shown in ordinary circumstances, where there is nothing especially to encourage. Of what use? is the question often raised; what good will it do any one to be particular in little things, to be considerate in trifles, to be faithful to convictions in small matters, to apply principles on which even a nation's policy might be built to the common round of life? — and at the cost of ease or comfort, at the sacrifice of present enjoyment. The text answers the question!

If it were some extraordinary occasion, one says, if there were anything to be definitely gained by adherence to a general principle, if it would do me or some one else any good, to be firm and conscientious in so little a thing, 't would be different. But this sowing in the water — unfurrowed — in all ways unprepared, is vain. Nay, replies the sage across the ages, and his nay is reëchoed from each past century: the pleasure which you shrink from surrendering, the world for whose sake you falter, the self-indulgence which makes you wish to neglect duty, — these are vain. They are indeed vanity and vexation of spirit.

But, and for this very reason, too, cast thy bread upon the waters. Earth shall perish; riches, strength, learning, — all shall fade. But righteousness, justice, love, integrity, obedience to God, — these which are the bread of life, are eternal!

That is a beautiful chapter with which the book of Ecclesiastes ends, — a chapter in which the two parts of the book, as I have described them, blend at last, the keynote of the vanity of all things being preserved but employed to give emphasis to the highest lesson of practical wisdom, "Fear God and keep his commandments." "Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth," it begins, "while the evil days come not, nor the years draw nigh, when thou shalt say, I have no pleasure in them; while the sun, or the light," — the twilight, — "or the moon, or the stars" — our last resource at night — "be not darkened, nor the clouds return after the rain: in the day when the keepers of the house" — the arms which protect the body, our dwelling — "shall tremble, and the strong men shall bow themselves, and the

grinders cease" to labor, "because they are few, and those that look out of the windows" — the eyes? — "be darkened, and the doors" — or lips? "shall be shut in the streets, . . . also when they shall be afraid of that which is high, and fears shall be in the way," characteristics of old age; "and the almond-tree" — which blooms in the winter — "shall flourish, and the grasshopper shall be a burden, and desire" or appetite "shall fail: because man goeth to his long home, and the mourners go about the streets: Or ever," that is, before ever, "the silver cord" — which holds the lamp of life — "be loosed, or the golden bowl" — which feeds the flame with oil — "be broken, or the pitcher" — which holds the water of life (another figure for the same thing) — "be broken, or the wheel" — which raises the water — "be broken at the cistern. Then shall the dust return to the earth as it was: and the spirit shall return unto God who gave it."

Such is old age and its end, for nothing remains beyond it in this world. But in all its infirmities there may be strength. One remembered his Creator in the days of his

youth, and the habit of confiding and happy remembrance of his God was formed. He learned to recognize His hand in life, to acknowledge His authority, to trace His wisdom and love; he committed himself to this course, — again I say, life is a series of commitments, — and now he is at peace. He learned to look upward in the days of vigor, and now he is sustained in the days of weakness, for He in whom he trusted "giveth power to the faint." Is he "afraid of that which is high," and are "fears in the way"? But "they that wait on the Lord shall mount up with wings as eagles." Are "the sun and the moon and the stars darkened"? But, oh, glorious promise! "Light is sown for the righteous." Yes, in that early sowing upon the waters, he was casting seeds of light though he knew it not; the waters have subsided, and now over all the plain is a radiant crop of gladness. For, hope — hope, the fancied prerogative of youth — is his.

But what is this I see? The silver cord was loosed, the golden bowl was broken, methought, and the pitcher was broken at the fountain and the wheel broken at the

cistern. But behold! these, led by the Lamb, are by "living fountains of waters." The fulfillment of the text, then, is in heaven. It is there that the bread once cast forth is fully found again, — that the great harvest of light is reaped.

APPENDIX

APPENDIX

Extracts from Letter of resignation, July 1, 1900, and Address of farewell, December 16, 1900.

"To-day finds me among the five or six in our denomination in New England and New York State, and probably in the whole country, who have been longest engaged in the active work of the Christian ministry in the same place."

"The Pastor has done but little, since he came to this place, for the Press. He has deemed it his grand work to invest his energies in young men here."

"It has been sought to accomplish this by addressing intuitions, conscience, and the higher nature generally. Reason has been appealed to. 'Come, let us reason together,' has been the constant call. It is un-reason which the Gospel resists when it summons to Faith, — unreasonableness, worldliness, self-indulgence, self-will. Not so much needs to be said as might be supposed, methinks, to skeptics, who, after all,

are comparatively few. The best thing for them is to remind them of the four anchors. In Paul's shipwreck, you remember, the seamen 'cast four anchors out of the stern, and wished' — or prayed — 'for the day.' Reverence — and any real religion deserves much of that, be it Mohammedan, Brahmanic, Buddhistic — reverence, I say, prompt obedience to known and readily known duty, service to one's fellow men, and profound reverence for Christ — however conceived of metaphysically — these will hold the ship."

"Let us attempt the best things possible to us. And let us not define 'the possible' too narrowly. If my life has taught me anything, I had almost said, it has taught me that lesson. I believe but few very important things have been done in the world which have not been declared impossible beforehand, and often by thoughtful people."

"I am not wont to note any but superficial faults in the sons of Dartmouth, — and what energy and perseverance and generosity have I not seen among them! But I ask myself sometimes whether in the long, necessary, and most arduous struggle of life they may not form the habit of seeking great things for themselves, and fail to form the habit of self-sacrificing service. Yet many, yes, very many have I known here in college and outside of college, in obscure life as well as in high places, who have sought great

things for their Lord and their fellow-men, and who in the final day shall be 'found unto praise and honor and glory.'"

"Numbered with them may we be
Here and in eternity!"

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